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The Shape of Things

THE CONTRADICTIONS IN JAPANESE POLICY toward the United States have never been more strikingly illustrated than by the developments of the past week. Simultaneously with the dispatch of Saburo Kurusu, former Japanese ambassador to Germany, as a special envoy to make another attempt to reach a settlement with the United States, the *Japan Times Advertiser*, an organ of the Foreign Office, published a series of seven demands which, it said, this country must accept or "face the alternatives." We were told, for example, that all military and economic aid to China must cease, that Chungking must be advised to make the best peace it can with Japan, that Manchoukuo and Japan's "co-prosperity sphere" in East Asia must be recognized, and that the freezing orders and other restrictions on trade with Japan must be lifted. Kurusu has not been sent to Washington in the expectation of gaining all these demands—or any of them—without substantial concessions on the part of Japan. The Japanese Foreign Office is not so unrealistic as to dispatch its ace negotiator on such a futile mission. Kurusu has been sent because the Japanese government is in desperate need of an agreement with the United States that will relieve the economic pressure that has resulted from the freezing orders. But Kurusu's hands are tied by the fact that neither he nor any other statesman can recede from the expansionist program to which the government is publicly committed. Mr. Churchill's announcement that strong British naval forces are now available for service in the Far East makes the Japanese dilemma even more acute.

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GENERAL WINTER IS NOW DEPLOYING HIS forces on the eastern front, and German hopes for the early capture of Moscow have become dim. In fact, there is reason to suppose that the Reichswehr's present offensive operations on the central front are designed as a feint to distract attention from preparations for a new drive in the south. There is no sign that the British are moving toward the opening of a second front apart from increased air and naval activity in the Mediterranean.

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Southern Italian cities which are supply bases for Axis forces in North Africa are being heavily bombed night after night, and in a brilliant sea action a light British squadron sank ten merchant ships bound for Tripoli and two Italian destroyers. This intensified drive against Axis communications in the Mediterranean may be the prelude to a new land offensive against Libya, or it may be designed mainly to discourage a winter attack by the enemy. The unknown factor in the North African situation is the extent to which British reserves in Egypt have been reduced for the benefit of the army General Wavell is organizing in Iran. British bombing raids on Germany are also being undertaken on a greatly increased scale, giving point to Winston Churchill's claim that full parity with Germany has been achieved in the air.

*

AS WE GO TO PRESS NEWS COMES OF THE rejection by the Defense Mediation Board of John L. Lewis's demand for a closed shop in the "captive" coal mines. By confronting the government with a dreadful dilemma Lewis has probably enhanced his political position within the labor movement. But his own advantage may not be labor's, because if the Administration is compelled to choose between the total requirements of national defense and the immediate interests of one sector of American society, there is hardly any doubt where its choice will lie. We plan to treat the problem fully next week, when a knowledge of the board's reasons and of labor's reaction will have made an analysis possible.

*

THE DIPLOMATIC SET AND THE SOCIAL ELITE of Washington must have prepared for the anniversary of the Russian Revolution by fasting. At the annual reception they poured into the Soviet embassy and elbowed their way to the heavily loaded tables like the noon-day crowd at the free-lunch counter of an old-fashioned saloon; they looted the vases of red roses on their way out. Lights had to be flashed off and on to clear the place of famished refugees from the Social Register by 7:30 p.m. Platters of fish, poultry, and caviar were swept clean almost as soon as they reached the tables, and there was a bull market in vodka. One couldn't help thinking of the men on the eastern front. Major Attlee was there, but Lord and Lady Halifax were not. The Axis, of course, and its belligerent allies, Finnish, Hungarian, and Rumanian, were not represented. Nor was Franco Spain or Pétain France. But the Bulgarian Minister was the first diplomat to arrive, and later the Japanese Ambassador, with Hu Shih a few paces behind him, came to pay his respects. Portents more easily read lay in the reappearance at the embassy of liberals and ex-fellow-travelers but lately anathematized as tools of capitalist imperialism.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, ON THE EVE OF THE celebration, gave more tangible evidence of America's appreciation of Russia's stand against the Nazis. The billion-dollar loan is the first step in implementing the promises made to Stalin in Moscow, and comes after the Russians had exhausted their own funds in this country, repaid $10,000,000 of the original $40,000,000 advanced by the Treasury, and drawn half of the $100,000,000 credit later made available by the RFC. The size of the new loan is impressive, but a tank attack at Kalinin cannot be stopped by waving drafts on dollar balances in New York. Hitler's guess was that he could defeat the Russians before we could produce enough tanks and planes to save them, and the test will come on the production—not the dotted—line.

*

DIRECT PARTICIPATION OF TRADE-UNION and small-business representatives in the defense program is made all the more necessary by the SPAB's order shifting from priorities to a system of allocating raw materials. Under this system each industry will draw up a schedule of what it intends to produce next year and what materials it needs. The SPAB will decide how much of each material will be necessary for defense purposes and how much can be allocated to civilian industry. This arrangement will make the SPAB the virtual dictator of American business. Production schedules will be drawn up by dollar-a-year men in the different branches of the OPM after consultation with the industry advisory committees. Both the committees and the dollar-a-year men are representative of the bigger business units and cannot be relied on to give either the small business man or the worker fair treatment. We think it time that advisory committees representing labor and small business be set up for each industry. Such committees, or industry councils as suggested by Murray will be additionally useful if the government attempts properly to police inventories. Supplies cannot be allocated until the SPAB knows what supplies we have. Many manufacturers have piled up huge inventories of raw materials. These stocks are said by informed persons to have a value about $1,500,000,000 above the value of similar stocks in 1929. The hoarders can hardly be expected to check up adequately on themselves.

*

THE TREASURY'S LATEST TAX PROPOSALS including a 15 per cent tax to be levied on all income at the source, were probably meant to prepare the public for a drastic, but not quite so overwhelming, tax increase in 1942. These seems very little chance that Congress could be induced to accept Mr. Morgenthau's suggestions *in toto*—with elections less than twelve months off. But it is evident that something approaching the $4,800,000,000 in new taxes envisioned by Mr. Mor

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genthau must be raised if inflation is to be checked. The Treasury is undoubtedly right in insisting that some of the burden will have to be carried by families in the medium- and relatively low-income groups. But a flat wage tax, even with exemptions, is wholly indefensible. One does not have to be a tax expert to realize that a 15 per cent tax on a salary of $1,800 a year is a far greater burden than a similar levy on $50,000 a year. And no tax on low-income groups can be justified until we have an iron-clad excess-profits tax that appropriates all of the profits attributable to the national emergency. Such a levy would raise the greater part of the $4,800,000,000 required by the Treasury. Most of the remainder could be obtained by a relatively small increase in the income-tax rates on medium and high incomes. If, for political reasons, Congress wishes to supplement this program with a levy on pay rolls, serious study should be given to the "deferred income" proposals advanced by John Maynard Keynes, which have been adopted in part by the British government.

*

THE HOBBS CONCENTRATION-CAMP BILL was sugarcoated for the Department of Justice by the inclusion of two sections, 401 and 402, giving the Attorney General a limited discretion in a limited number of so-called "hardship cases." Cases of this kind crop up often in the news. A man of good character is found after many years to have entered the country illegally or is threatened suddenly with deportation because of some irregularity in his papers. Sections 401 and 402 of the Hobbs bill would have given the Attorney General power to prevent deportations in many cases of this kind. The sections were added to the bill after the Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization had been transferred from the Labor Department to the Department of Justice. The Labor Department had strongly opposed the passage of the Hobbs bill. The Justice Department, after these changes, supported it. But Sections 401 and 402 have now been taken out of the bill in the House Judiciary Committee at the request of Hobbs, who said Congressmen Dies and Starnes threatened to block its passage before the Rules Committee unless they were. Without them the bill has become a straight repressive measure. Will Attorney General Biddle now withdraw his department's support of the measure?

*

BEHOLD THE WONDERS OF APPEASEMENT! Last week New York was visited by a group of Spaniards en route to Peru, all armed with the necessary documents for transit through the United States. These personages comprised the Phalangist delegation sent by General Franco to the celebration of Pizarro's fourth centenary, to be held this week at Lima. Among them were three active members of the Council of the Hispanidad: the Marquis of Lozoya, Director of Fine Arts in the Franco government; the Duke of San Lorenzo, a colonel of infantry representing the army; and Captain Francisco Regalado of the General Staff of the Ministry of Marine, representing the navy. Everybody familiar with Franco's foreign policy knows that the main object of the council is to oppose in all the Latin American countries the influence of the United States and the movement for hemispheric solidarity and defense of the democracies. Through the generosity of the State Department three important members of this propaganda agency were given a golden opportunity to stimulate the activities of the Phalanx in New York—an enterprise which was effectively exposed in *PM* a few days ago. In Lima they will be equally useful in encouraging the cooperation of the various Axis agents, whose energetic efforts against the United States are sufficiently known. But while the State Department was busy facilitating the work of its outspoken enemies, it found time to deny a visa to Gonzales Peña, Socialist Minister of Justice in the last Negrín government and chairman of the *Union General de Trabajadores*. Señor Peña, who is at present living in exile in Mexico, was appointed by the U. G. T. to bring the greetings of the Spanish workers to the International Labor Conference in New York.

*

MEANWHILE ANOTHER SPANISH DEMOCRAT, Francisco Largo Caballero, former Premier and also a former head of the U. G. T., has been arrested in unoccupied France by the Vichy authorities at the request of Franco. The seventy-four-year-old leader, whose life since the fall of France has been filled with dangers and vexations, now faces a tribunal in Limoges which will decide whether or not he shall be delivered to Franco. His extradition, as in the case of the President of the *Generalidad de Cataluña,* Luis Companys, and of the brilliant writer and former Minister of the Interior, Julian Zugazagoitia, would mean court martial and certain death. The news of his arrest has aroused indignation throughout the United States and Latin America, and it is rumored that a protest has been lodged in Vichy by the highest American authorities. It is to be hoped that before these words are read the Vichy government will have been shamed into freeing a man who is honored for his integrity and courage by his most vigorous political opponents. Whatever his fate, an ironical moral may be drawn from the fact that while Spanish fighters for democracy encounter endless difficulties in the democratic countries and face deportation and death at the hands of the pro-Axis powers, such enemies of democracy as the Phalangists enjoy the natural support of the pro-Axis governments and the hospitality of the democratic countries as well.

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The Railroad Dispute

A NATION-WIDE railroad strike is threatened next month in consequence of the rejection by the operating unions of the recommendations of the Fact-finding Board appointed by the President under the terms of the Railroad Labor Act. Two reasons have been given by the Brotherhoods for their action: they are seeking a rise in basic wages whereas the board proposed what is in effect a temporary bonus; and, in any case, they regard the suggested increases as inadequate. The recommendations, described by one union spokesman as "insulting," include a 7½ per cent increase for operating employees—the best-paid railroad workers—and a rise of 9 cents an hour, or about 13 per cent, for the non-operating grades, together with a week's annual vacation beginning next year. In addition, a permanent basic minimum of 45 cents an hour is proposed for all railroad workers except those on the so-called "short lines," for which a minimum of 40 cents is suggested.

These increases, which fall far short of the original demands of the unions, would, it is estimated, cost the railroads about $270 million a year, or about half their probable net income for the present year, which is proving their most profitable since 1929. Current prosperity, however, is inexorably linked to the defense boom, and the board accepted the contention of the companies that a condition which may prove very short-lived does not justify a permanent addition to railroad wages. Hence its recommendation that the proposed increases should terminate automatically on December 31, 1942.

Although the operating unions have called a strike for December 5, there is a very general belief that no stoppage will in fact take place. The companies hope that the President will back the board's recommendations and will mobilize public opinion against any further concessions to the unions. The latter look in the same direction for moral support for a more favorable settlement, backed, perhaps, by a threat of government operation of the railroads. Mr. Roosevelt has yet to be heard from, but prospects appear good for an agreement on rather better terms for the workers than those advocated by the board. In this event the companies will undoubtedly seek and probably find compensation in higher freight rates.

However satisfactory such a compromise might prove to the two sides in the current dispute, it could hardly be greeted with unalloyed pleasure by consumers and taxpayers. The operating unions, whose members are among the best-paid workers in the country, are using the threat of a strike which would tie up the whole defense program not merely to obtain an offset to the increased cost of living but to obtain an improved standard of living. It is hard to criticize them while numerous corporations are taking advantage of the urgencies of defense needs to get away with bigger slices of the national cake. But it is becoming clearer daily that the size of the cake available for American consumption is shrinking and that for the period of the emergency all those above the level of subsistence must expect to reduce their standard of living. If strategically placed groups, whether capitalist or labor, are able to increase their relative shares of net national income, it must mean more than proportionate sacrifices for the rest.

The present crisis on the railroads illustrates the futility of attempting to handle piecemeal the problem, created by the defense program, of how to distribute a limited supply of goods among consumers. The report of the Fact-finding Board recognized this situation when it declared that an "effective attack on the problem [of incipient inflation] can only be made for all classes, groups, and industries. Such a comprehensive attack, if it is going to be made at all, must be made by the government. It must grow out of a carefully formulated and well-coordinated plan covering prices, wages, profits, taxes, credit, investment, and priorities."

Hitler's Double-Talk

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

HITLER did not celebrate the anniversary of the October revolution in Red Square, and Stalin did. To the accompaniment of anti-aircraft fire and the distant sound of Nazi bombers, Stalin defied the invaders and prophesied the collapse of Hitler's regime within a year. Stalin stood out in the open surrounded by a people who had been hammered by Hitler into a unity more solid than the revolution itself had ever achieved. Stalin's voice, carrying to the farthest parts of the world, found response in hearts that were irreconcilably bitter against his rule until the day when Hitler made the Red Army the hope of successful resistance to fascist world conquest. November 7 of this year was a symbol not so much of the revolution as of the new collaboration between Soviet Russia and the Western world, of which the appointment of Maxim Litvinov as ambassador to Washington was a practical and striking demonstration. Litvinov is the living embodiment of that collaboration; just as his retirement from the Foreign Office in May, 1939, was an ominous forewarning of Stalin's repudiation of the principle of collective security and his coming attempt to buy peace with Hitler, so Litvinov's new assignment is an announcement that Russia has turned West again. The importance of the shift, in political as well as military terms, cannot yet even begin to be realized.

But if unforeseen obstacles prevented Hitler from attending the ceremonies in Moscow on November 7, he celebrated his own favorite anniversary the day after. Speaking from the beer hall in Munich from which has

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flowed so much of the world's agony, Hitler's words were obviously addressed not to his comrades of the infamous putsch but to the men and women in the still unconquered countries to which he looks for support. His speech, like Stalin's, was a bid for the collaboration of the West—but it was directed to appeasers and fifth columnists rather than to fighters.

The meaning of the Nazi leader's speech is implicit rather than open and direct, and its effect may therefore be the greater. Hitler wasted less time than usual on denunciations and bombast. Though he reiterated his assurance of total Nazi victory and emphasized the futility of resistance, the arrangement of his ideas was clearly designed to please his apologists and to trap the unwary.

In effect Hitler repudiated the idea of world conquest. He dismissed the statement attributed to Wendell Willkie that either Washington or Berlin would be "the future capital of the world" by assuring his hearers that Berlin had no desire to be a world capital, while Washington certainly never could be. By a series of shrewd if mutually contradictory comments on the Battle of the North Atlantic, he attempted to put the United States clearly in the role of aggressor. "Mr. President Roosevelt," he said, "has commanded his ships to shoot as soon as they see German ships. And I have commanded German ships, whenever they see Americans, not to shoot thereupon, but to defend themselves as soon as they are attacked." This self-denying edict was practically repealed by the accompanying promise that German ships would sink on sight any ship of any nationality that "carries war materials." But the inconsistency was not apparent enough in the context to wipe out the effect of Hitler's expressions of restraint and forbearance in dealing with the threat of American "aggression." Isolationist orators in Congress and Hitler's stooges in America First will know what phrases to omit in applying the Führer's words to their not dissimilar ends. As for the President's charge that Hitler intends to conquer Latin America, it was brushed off as hardly worthy of adult attention. "South America," he said, "lies as far away as the moon."

This speech can be understood only in one context—the context of Hitler's projected peace drive. Its reassuring tone is not to be explained merely as an effort to discourage the United States from declaring war. That object is only part of a much greater plan.

The imminence of an attempt by Hitler to freeze the struggle into a state of suspended action while Germany consolidates its position on the Continent has been freely discussed in our pages. It was forecast by J. Alvarez del Vayo in his article This War Is Different on October 25, and Thomas Reveille last week subjected the coming "phony peace" to a searching analysis that should be reread in the light of Hitler's speech. This peace drive may prove more dangerous than a major military offensive. Let Hitler say: "I offer the world peace and reconciliation. I will defend the New Order I have set up in Europe but I will not attack. If British planes bomb our Continental cities, I will send my planes over England. If Britain minds its own business, I will leave it alone. If the United States tries to sink Nazi ships, we will defend our rights on the sea. If the United States abandons these aggressive measures and agrees to a future of peaceful trade, it can count on our friendly cooperation. The needs of a war-torn Europe offer endless markets for the products of American farms and factories. Today the world may choose: peace and collaboration with the New Europe—or war to the end." Let Hitler say words like these, words which were in fact implicit in last Saturday's speech, and a hundred Lindberghs will cheer him.

It is up to those who understand the language and strategy of the fascist revolution to make clear to every doubting mind what purpose lies behind the threatened peace campaign. Hitler offers peace only when peace is equivalent to victory. He offers peace only when his aggressions have been carried to a point where they begin not to pay. A Hitler peace is war waged by other means and a preparation for the next armed attack. If Hitler asks for peace, all but Nazis and Nazi sympathizers will take his words as a call to arms. The day when Hitler no longer wants to fight is the day for the final struggle to begin.

The tough resistance of Moscow produced the speech of Munich. Effective, determined cooperation between Russia and the West must be the answer to that speech.

Federation Is Not Enough

BY NORMAN ANGELL

THIS past week has included Armistice Day—the twenty-third anniversary of the day which saw the end of the war that was to end war and make the world safe for democracy. The date was seized upon, appropriately enough, by peace organizations of all kinds and by those interested in peace aims and post-war reconstruction, to exchange ideas and promote views. The National Peace Conference decided to make Armistice Day a "World Government Day," in order, it explained, to "inaugurate a campaign for America's participation in a constitutional world order," since "the provision of justice and security for all requires a federal world government." The conference stressed its view of world government "as different from regional organization, a union of English-speaking democracies, etc."

The assumption underlying the effort of the National Peace Conference seems to be the one so often made by those concerned with the post-war settlement—that success in peace-making will depend upon the form of the post-war international organization, upon the "plan," the constitution, upon getting the details of the blue-

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print just right, upon whether or not the future organization shall be a "league" or a "federation" and whether it shall be a federation of the world or confined to the democracies.

Yet the truth is that the tragic failure of the last victory, the fact that barely two decades after its achievement it has to be fought for all over again, has very little to do with the constitutional defects of the League of Nations or even with the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, though this statement will be hotly challenged in some quarters. (If that treaty caused this war, what caused World War I at a time when Europe was not living under such a treaty, when Germany had all its colonies and was enjoying great prosperity?) The League itself, despite manifest defects, might have been a brilliant success if the nation which initiated it, and Britain and the Dominions, which joined it, had done early what they now do late—if they had promptly and resolutely given aid to the victim of aggression whether they happened to like him or not; if the truth they now recognize—that we cannot in the long run effectively defend ourselves against evil and violence unless we are prepared on occasion to defend others—had been recognized when the last war ended. The second war has come because those who signed the Covenant failed to apply it even when it would have been relatively easy to do so, because they refused to combine against war.

Constitutions, plans, systems, whether political or economic, can never *of themselves* insure peace and well-being, for the obvious reason that they do not work automatically but are worked by men; whether the schemes are to achieve their intended purpose or not depends upon whether the men who carry them out understand what is primary and indispensable and what is secondary and optional. The futility of constitutions as such is revealed in the history of many of the Latin American republics during the nineteenth century. For whole decades bloody chaos and military dictatorship reigned in countries which had democratic constitutions, as democratic, theoretically, as that of the United States. One historian of the American Constitution has remarked that it succeeded in its early days because it was implemented by men who would have made any constitution successful.

Today it is evident to Britons that if China can be helped to continue its fight for freedom, then Britain's freedom is more secure; London and Hull and Bristol and Plymouth are safer. For if China can keep the Japanese occupied, Russia can draw troops from Siberia, throw them into the defense of Leningrad and Moscow, and so keep German forces from the attack upon Britain. We see, quite simply and clearly now, that the fight for freedom is indivisible, that the defense of other victims of violence is our defense. No one in Britain dreams of challenging that doctrine today; with the result that millions of Britons, capitalists and socialists, Tories and radicals alike, are willing to take immense risks to help Russia at this moment. But if it is true today that the indispensable condition of our own security is to help others, it was equally true ten or twenty years ago that the indispensable condition of our own security was to say that we *would* help others. And if we had made it clear that we would do what we are now doing, there would have been no war. (Lloyd George once wrote of the first World War that if those who finally took the field against Germany had said sufficiently long beforehand that they would do so, war would have been averted.) Yet the proposition, so self-evident now, that to defend ourselves we must defend others, even Russia, even far-off China, was only yesterday repudiated not merely by the realists, who called it outrageous nonsense, but by the moralists, who called it immoral warmongering. A great many of the latter—including eminent theologians in both Britain and America—insisted that while it was entirely right for a nation to use force to defend its own security and its own interests, it was wrong to use force, together with others, to defend the general security, the general interest, the law. There seemed to be no realization that this turned upside down the basic principle of organized society, that any society must collectively defend its members or become the impotent victim of the lawless violence of a minority, that if each acts only for his own defense and repudiates any obligation to help others, then a few ruthless gangsters who have the shrewdness to combine will be able to pick off their victims one by one until they have all at their mercy—which is what has happened over much of the earth already.

The primary right of all, the right for which the enemies of Hitler now struggle, is the right to life, existence, the right not to be tortured, killed, extinguished—unless, to escape that fate, the victim is prepared to surrender all other rights and freedoms whatsoever. That primary right has now been placed in jeopardy everywhere because we have not recognized the obligation by which alone it can be made secure—the obligation of all to defend the right to existence, to freedom, *as such*. In the past we have not believed in defending freedom; we have only believed in defending "our" freedom. By limiting the defense of freedom to our own, we have come near to making the defense of even that impossible.

These are elementary social truths, so elementary that one has a sense of apology in dwelling upon them. Yet it is certain that when Hitler comes along with his promise of peace to the West on condition that the West agree to let him swallow Russia and to let Japan swallow China, many eminent people, sure of their integrity, will urge, as they have done in the past, that this immoral transaction, fatal to all future freedom and security, be accepted as true "statesmanship."

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Fumbles for Finland

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, November 9

THE Finnish question is a test of the effectiveness with which the United States—and Britain—can help the Soviets. The record so far is no model of swift action. The war began on June 22. Not until August 18 did the American government bring pressure to bear on the Finns to make peace. On that day Sumner Welles transmitted a Soviet peace proposal to Finland. In the memorandum of the conversation as now made public, Welles reports, "I said I was communicating this information as a transmitting agent and that at the moment I was expressing no official opinion with regard thereto." This may or may not explain why the Finns did not bother to answer. On October 3 Cordell Hull called in the Finnish minister, Hjalmar Procopé, and asked "whether Finland is going to be content to regain her lost territory and stop there, or whether she will go farther. . . ." Again there was no answer. Some time later the American minister in Helsinki was instructed to inform the Finnish government that it must discontinue offensive operations against the Soviets or lose our friendship. Again there was no indication that the Finnish government was interested in discussing peace. This statement I base directly on Secretary Hull's talk with the press on November 3.

Why did the State Department wait until November 3, almost three months after the Welles conversation, to reveal that Finland had been turning a cold shoulder to American requests that it accept a Soviet invitation to discuss peace? Secretary Hull waited almost a month after the Finnish armies had cut the Murmansk-Leningrad railway before he broke the news of the peace offer. A few days after he spoke, Murmansk, Russia's only ice-free port in the north, evacuated its civilians in preparation for a Nazi-Finnish siege. Early publication of the news was necessary (1) to show the Finnish government that we meant business, (2) to prepare the public mind here and in Britain for the possibility of war against Finland, (3) to clear the way for a British expeditionary force to help the Russians save Murmansk, and (4) to let the Finnish people know that Russia was offering peace on the basis of territorial concessions and that they would lose America's friendship if the offer was rejected. The conversation of August 18 should have contained a time limit for a reply, and the news of a rejection or a failure to answer should have been released at once. Quick action might have kept the supply line to Leningrad open.

Three weeks ago Moscow asked London to declare war on the Finns, Hungarians, and Rumanians, and the failure of the British government to reply has drawn protests even from the London *Times*. The British government sought to give the impression that it hesitated to act against Finland for fear of American displeasure. It was a "planted" question at the November 3 press conference as to what our attitude would be toward a British declaration of war against Finland that provided the occasion for Secretary Hull's revelations. I am reliably informed that the President and Ambassador Winant wanted to bring the peace offer into the open in September but that the British balked. From what I know of Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward the heroic fight the Soviets are waging, I believe that report. But I wonder whether influences in our own State Department have not also been a retarding factor. I find Secretary Hull, in the statement made at the November 3 conference, referring to Finland as one of the anti-Nazi countries, a description at the moment requiring considerable qualification. I find the New York *Times* reporting from Washington on November 7 concerning the peace offer, "It has never been expected that the reply, even if adverse, would cause any immediate alteration in the relations of the two countries," that is, the United States and Finland. This almost certainly reflects "off the record" statements made to the *Times* man in the State Department. I also wonder what Secretary Hull meant when he said on November 3 that he asked for a withdrawal of the Finnish troops *in principle*. Does a withdrawal *in principle* mean that troops still stand where they are?

The State Department has no right to be dilatory or vague. Murmansk is at stake, and peace with Finland would release many Russian divisions for the defense of Leningrad and Moscow. According to information at the War Department, the Germans and Finns had eight divisions on the northern part of the Finnish-Russian front and moved two more divisions there on the mere report that a B. E. F. was a possibility. Mannerheim has eleven divisions, mostly if not all Finnish, on the southern half of the front. One of the divisions in the north is an Alpine division of Nazi troops brought over from Norway through Sweden, with Swedish permission. This statement is also based on War Department information. These figures give some idea of what peace, or a B. E. F., could do, either to free Russian troops or to force the diversion of more Nazi troops to the north, relieving pressure on Leningrad and Moscow.

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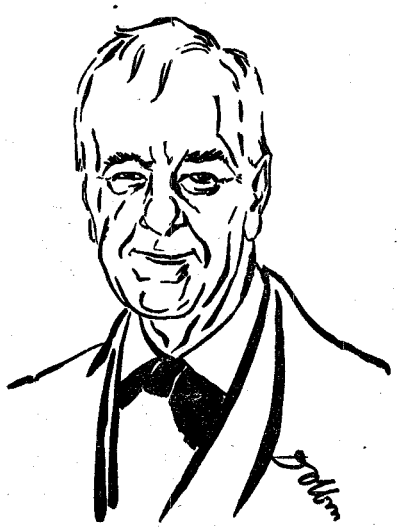
The Finns, as I know from unofficial talks, are preparing to put in claims for territory far beyond the historical limits of Finland. The State Department could do a great deal of damage by permitting long discussion of these claims to delay an end of hostilities or a British expeditionary force. The department occupies a strategic position in another respect: it is clear that the Finnish people are not getting the truth about this peace offer from their government. The first big assignment for Colonel William J. Donovan's newly organized short-wave propaganda division is to place the facts before the Finnish people. The division's job is to mobilize democratic and Social Democratic sentiment in Finland for peace and against the policies of Mannerheim, a German sympathizer from the last war and a fascist. This is the kind of revolutionary, democratic fifth-column work we did in the last war, when we helped subvert the imperial governments of both Germany and Austria-Hungary, and this is the kind of work we must do again if we are to raise the people of Europe against Hitler.

But Donovan, aside from his own limitations as a conservative, is operating under several handicaps. One is that we have as yet only one short-wave station whose beam hits squarely at Finland. Another is that an effective job of propaganda among the politically advanced and sophisticated Finnish working and middle classes requires a more leftist appeal than the Atlantic Charter or the Four Freedoms. A third is that our short-wave stations are owned by such big radio-equipment manufacturers as Westinghouse and General Electric, which might oppose and could reject proposed broadcast copy they thought too radical. The most important obstacle is that Donovan's division, though it will deny it, is pretty much under the State Department's thumb with respect to the kind of propaganda it may send out, and the thumb is usually that of Michael J. McDermott, chief information officer of the department, a right-wing Catholic and a State Department old-timer liberally incrusted with bureaucratic barnacles. It is here that we come up against the basic problem of implementing our vague speeches about democracy with a concrete program and direct propaganda. We're not going to solve that problem until control of policy and propaganda is lodged in more vigorous and progressive hands.

Good Neighbor Daniels

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

ONE day in 1933 I was on my way back to Mexico City from one of my frequent visits to the interior of the country when at a wayside stop I suddenly noticed a rather excited crowd obviously awaiting the arrival of an unwelcome visitor. In the general noise I could make out unflattering remarks addressed to the expected traveler, whose presence in Mexico was evidently considered something of a national outrage. I heard no specific name, but the word "ambassador" was distinctly repeated again and again. I could hardly believe that it was I who could be the object of so unflattering an outburst, for the Spanish Republic, still very young, was popular among the Indian masses, and through my close contact with the common people I had succeeded in removing much of the deep-rooted animosity they had always felt toward the stiff diplomatic representatives of the old monarchy. My confidence was confirmed in a few minutes, when upon learning my identity the mood of the crowd changed and the deprecatory clamor gave way to prolonged cheering. The momentary confusion had been caused by the simultaneous arrival of two ambassadors; the hostile demonstration was intended for the newly appointed American envoy.



Josephus Daniels

It was in this atmosphere, charged with memories of intervention by the marines at Vera Cruz, that Josephus Daniels, who as Secretary of the Navy had been held responsible for that incident, made his entrance as United States Ambassador to Mexico. That Mr. Daniels's resignation last week, eight years after his arrival, provoked genuine consternation among the Mexican people is a good indication of the tact and understanding that characterized his long and popular ambassadorship.

When I left Mexico in the summer of 1933, both Ambassador Daniels and his wife had already won the hearts of the Mexicans. Early in 1940, when the problem of the oil expropriations threatened once more to poison relations with the United States, I was again in Mexico and heard from President Cárdenas himself, a man

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known for his sobriety of speech, the most eloquent and sincere eulogies of the American ambassador.

On the same day I had an opportunity to talk long and informally with Mr. Daniels about the struggle of Spain and about Mexico, which we both loved. I was amazed at the alertness of his mind, at his extensive knowledge, at his appreciation of tendencies that must lead to a tragic unfolding of the situation in France, and at his realistic attitude toward the dangers of fascist penetration in Latin America. He was one of those who realized from the start the deplorable effects that a collapse of the Spanish Republic would have on the Spanish-speaking countries of the Western Hemisphere. He knew that a rebel victory would allow Hitler to make use of Franco in Latin America to promote hostility against the United States. Ultimately he considered the loss of the Loyalist cause an American disaster. Since the end of the Spanish war he has followed with profound interest the work of the Spanish cultural institutions established in Mexico by intellectual émigrés, and he well understands how the influence of these Republican exiles might be used to counteract the anti-democratic activities assigned to the Phalanx.

Josephus Daniels went directly to the people. Although he never mastered the Spanish language, his winning personality enabled him effectively to address the masses, who very quickly identified him as a real friend of Mexico. He spared no effort to be present at every important manifestation of Mexican social life, whether it was an art exhibit or the establishment of a new *ejido* in which land-hungry peasants could till communally a piece of ground formerly owned by foreign capital. The Mexicans knew that he viewed relations between neighbor nations as having far broader aspects than the defense of any private interests. He was not the aggressive attorney of an influential group of investors but the ambassador of one people to another.

I can hardly conclude even these brief remarks on Ambassador Daniels without a reference to the warm sympathy he displayed when the flight of those two remarkable Spanish fliers Barberán and Collar, the first to be attempted between Spain and Mexico, ended in disaster. In those trying days, days of anguish for me who had whole-heartedly supported the experiment, Ambassador Daniels was often with me. At that time Republican Spain enjoyed a popularity that the new American Ambassador had yet to win. A smaller man would have resented the situation. Ambassador Daniels was wonderful. I well recall his firm handshake and his encouraging words whenever he came to the Spanish embassy for the latest news.

Every Mexican who knows him—which is to say nearly all Mexico—must share the devoted admiration that I have for him.

Passage to India

BY PAUL WOHL

FOR the first time in more than two thousand years the military might of Europe strikes eastward toward Central Asia. In the past when European powers have penetrated into Asia, it has been from the coast. Only Russia, itself half Asiatic, expanded overland to the foot of the Himalayas and the landlocked plateaus of inner Asia. For the rest of Europe, as for America, Asia has been an overseas country, with Britain guarding the route to the East from Suez to Aden and Rangoon. Now, not much more than three hundred years after the apogee of the Second Mongol Empire, a nation of the West advances on the ancient land route to India and China. Germany is striving to realize a new *Drang nach Osten,* a revised version of its Berlin to Baghdad dream.

The Caucasus is the last powerful bastion barring the road to India. If Nazi Germany's mechanized armies can drive to the shores of the Caspian Sea, they will stand at the threshold of the treasure house of the British Empire. From the western shore of the Caspian two age-old routes lead to Asia: one across or around the sea into Turkestan and from there either across the Oxus into Afghanistan and India or over Badakhstan, the "roof of the world," into Sinkiang; the other around the mountains to the ancient trail across Iran and western Afghanistan into the valley of the Indus.

The plains north of the Caucasus are the only place on the European continent where British armies can now oppose Nazi military might. The defense of this triangle between the Caucasus and the Volga is equally important for Britain and for Russia. German penetration to the Caspian Sea would sever Russia from 75 or 80 per cent of its oil supplies; it would compel Britain to defend single-handed the land route to India in areas where not only geography but also the sympathies of the people are largely favorable to the enemy. In order to keep India from becoming a Nazi-Japanese trysting place, Great Britain would have the herculean task of blocking the Nazi advance and at the same time bolstering the continued resistance of an isolated and dismem-

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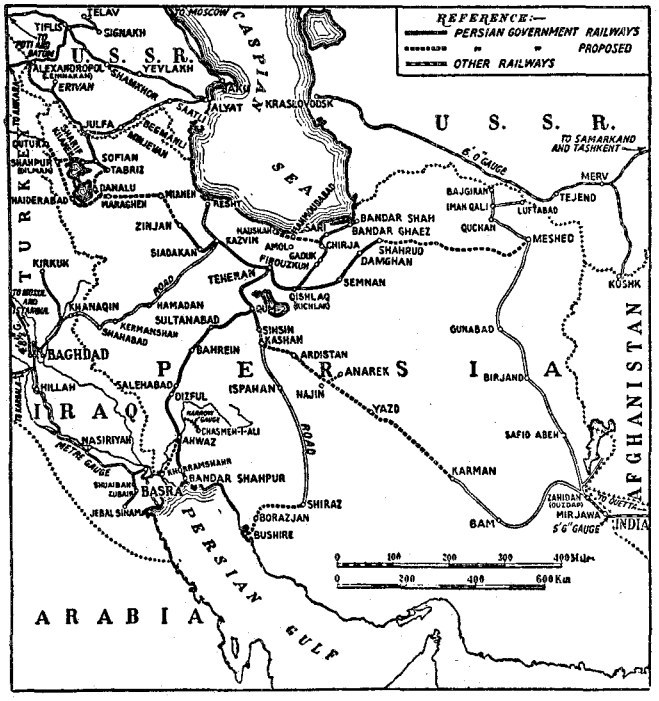

bered Russia, until the full strength of America could turn the balance.

The Caucasus is no insurmountable barrier. It offers a favorable position of defense, but it does not form an impenetrable mountain wall from the Black Sea to the Caspian. The eastern ranges of the Caucasus do not abut steeply on the Caspian Sea; they descend to a narrow plain, the so-called Gates of Derbent, which in all times has been a thoroughfare of conquest and migration. It is through the Gates of Derbent that Russian railroads reach Baku. Various conquerors of the past built walls from the mountains to the sea against future invaders who might be tempted to follow in their path. Today, not Alexander's masonry, nor Soviet artillery hidden in the mountains, nor the guns of the tiny Russian Caspian fleet will be able to halt the advancing Nazi columns unless well-equipped mobile forces are ready to encounter them.

Once on the other side of the Caucasus, the Nazis would still have to wind their way through the mountain chains of Transcaucasia. Here, however, natural obstacles are few, and on reaching Tabriz their armies would be able to sweep along the natural highways which cross the Iranian plateau from northwest to east unless stopped by a British expeditionary force. The distance from Baku to Bombay is less than the distance from Warsaw to Baku. With the rich Baku region in their rear, even if the Russians blow oil wells, refineries, and industries to the skies, the Nazis would have a much better base than the British, who must bring their troops a long way across the mountains of the south. Winter is the ideal season for military operations in this part of the world.

The Germans would not arrive as newcomers to Iran. The name of Wasmuss, imperial Germany's Colonel Lawrence, has not been forgotten by the Persian tribes. The few hundred German officials, engineers, and business men who frequented the hotels of Tehran were no menace to Britain and Russia; they could be too easily spotted and interned. The real danger comes from men like Wasmuss, "mushrooms of unrest" as the Germans call them, who share the privations of the natives and hide in the shadow of the mosque.

The farther the Nazis penetrated into the Moslem world, the stronger their position would become, for in the Orient, even more than in America, nothing succeeds like success. Especially east of Tehran they would meet a cordial welcome. Haushofer's friend, Oscar von Niedermayer, recently promoted to the rank of general, concluded in 1917 a secret alliance with Amir Habibullah of Afghanistan which led to the third Afghan war and in 1919 brought the tribesmen of the Hindukush to the gates of Peshawar. ("From Hamburg to Calcutta" was a German war aim in 1917. Free transit to the frontiers of Persia and Afghanistan was one of the conditions Germany imposed upon Russia in the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk.) Today von Niedermayer, according to reliable reports, is once more in Afghanistan. He is experienced in disguise, and his knowledge of Iranian and Pushtu is rivaled only by the most erudite scholars. With him are scores of young Germans inured to the hardships of native life.

If the Nazis, driving along the ancient thoroughfares of Central Asia in the track of Alexander, Genghis Khan, Timur, and Nadir Shah, can reach the Afghan cities of Herat and Kandahar, Britain will have to muster the whole military might of India to stop them. Hitherto Britain has made little use of India's man-power; the Indian army is estimated to consist at present of no more than one million men, only about a third of whom are adequately equipped and trained. In India, too, the Germans have friends, especially among the powerful Islamic minority. It is true that in 1933-34 the British encouraged the Hindu press to publish reports about repression in Germany, and many a cultured Hindu has asked me, "Is that the way Germans are treated by their own government?" At that time some people in India began to think that perhaps they were not so badly off under the British Raj. However, motley India could be fertile ground for the seeds of strife that the Germans know so well how to sow and cultivate. Even today some Indian business men show the influence of Nazi propaganda.

If the Germans can establish themselves in India, the Japanese will try to take over the racially akin Burmese. And German-Japanese supremacy over the sub-continent would soon be extended to bring about a redivision of territories in Asia. It must eventually lead to German-Japanese rule over the Indian Ocean. In his book "Democratic Ideals and Reality" Sir H. J. Mackinder

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the legitimate father of "geopolitics," points out that "sea power is fundamentally a matter of appropriate bases, productive and secure." In the past the British could rule the Indian Ocean with a minimum of naval units because no competitive power had a foothold on its shores, although the sea lanes were open to all nations. With Nazi overlords in Bombay and Calcutta, the Indian Ocean would become a closed sea.

An India hostile to Britain, with its ports and shipbuilding facilities at the disposal of the Nazis, would draw all the countries of the Indo-Pacific basin into the sphere of Hitler's world empire. Australia and New Zealand would be cut off from the direct sea route to Britain, and the fortress of Singapore would become an isolated stronghold which could be reached only from America. The United States would be compelled either to withdraw from the Asiatic side of the Pacific or to fight Germany and Japan under the most unfavorable conditions.

After months of hesitation England has finally become aware that Hitler's advance into Iran might sound the death knell of the British Empire, and in a desperate effort to stem the Nazi tide is rushing troops and supplies to the Middle East. There are three routes by which the British can reach Tabriz and Baku—from Basrah in Iraq, from Abadan or Bandar Shahpur in Iran, and from Karachi in India. The ports of Basrah, Abadan, and Karachi can accommodate large vessels and are equipped to handle rapidly hundreds of thousands of tons of cargo. Basrah is the terminal of the Iraq railroads. The oil port of Abadan is close to Bandar Shahpur, the port terminal of the Trans-Iranian Railroad, and to Ahwaz, its first important inland station. From Karachi India's Northwestern Railroad swings through Baluchistan to the Iranian town of Zahedan, with two branch lines going to the southern border of Afghanistan.

The only direct railroad from the ocean to the proximity of the Caucasus is the Trans-Iranian. This is better equipped than is generally supposed. In 1940 it had at least 100 locomotives and about 1,000 railway cars, the great majority of from fifteen to twenty tons, and was served by eight repair shops and ten power stations. Almost one-third of the track has steel ties. In 1939, 16,480 cars carried freight on the road, an indication of relatively heavy traffic. North of Tehran two branch lines swing west and east. The western line has been extended to a point about 200 miles from Tabriz, the southern terminal of the Iranian branch of the Russian railroads. Between this point and Tabriz is a stretch of country crossed by several natural motor roads. The eastern branch of the Trans-Iranian runs toward the Russian railroad from Turkestan to the Caspian Sea. Rail connection with the Russian roads could be fairly easily established if the necessary materials were available.

The Iraq railroads fork at Baghdad. One track runs north to Mosul and from there along the Syrian border into Turkey; the other runs northeast to Khanikin and Kirkuk, whence caravan motor roads lead to Tabriz. From the inland terminal of the Northwestern Railroad of India similar caravan routes lead to the terminals of Russia's Asiatic railway system.

The linking of these railroads with the Russian roads presents certain technical difficulties. The Iraq line from Basrah to the terminal of the caravan routes to Tabriz is narrow gauge; that which links Baghdad with the Turkish railroads is standard gauge. The Trans-Iranian, too, is standard gauge. The Indian railroad to Zahedan and the Afghan border is of even larger gauge than the Russian railways. The difference, however, is not an insurmountable obstacle. At present the Germans are using in Russia a device invented shortly before the war by a citizen of Australia which enables cars to switch from one gauge to another. The British were once shortsighted enough to reject this device, but it can still be adopted. Besides, transshipment from cars of one gauge to those of another can always be accomplished with the aid of motor cranes and freight containers, of which the British railways have a large number.

Transportation difficulties have, in fact, been greatly exaggerated. If the British have the troops, and the ships to carry them to ports on the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean, an army of 500,000 men fully equipped can be sent to the Caucasus, provided every effort is exerted. In World War I the British had 54,000 freight cars and 1,200 locomotives in France; the Americans brought 1,459 locomotives and 19,200 freight cars across the Atlantic. Under the capable direction of Sir Eric Geddes the British in 1917-18 discharged daily about 10,000 tons of road-building material at various points on the French coast. At the same time large British armies were being supplied in Mesopotamia and Palestine. During the four months of Hitler's Russian campaign it should have been possible to ship thousands of freight cars and motor trucks to Basrah and Abadan (the latter port has a floating crane with a lifting capacity of 200 tons!). The inventiveness and technical prowess of the modern soldier mechanic from our large industrial cities can confound the time-honored calculations of almost any engineering manual. The British have only one large-scale emergency transport operation to their credit—Dunkirk. But what can be accomplished in a retreat can also be accomplished in an advance—provided everyone is animated by the will to succeed at any price.

Only a speedy operation of this kind, plus prompt delivery of large quantities of American transport material, will enable the British, shoulder to shoulder with their Russian allies, to block the Nazi juggernaut north of the Caucasus before it can gain access to the traditional land routes to India and China.

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The Undiscoverables

BY RALPH BATES

VI. The Scattered Flock

SUMMARY OF PARTS I TO V. *On the day that Italy enters the war a Fascist officer arrives in a coast-guard cutter at the Sicilian village of San Filippo. He ousts the old harbor master and then speeds out to the fishing grounds. He orders the fleet to put out its lights and turn back. The goatherd, Cesare Maniscalco, who has declared that neither King nor Duce shall have his son Carmelo for the war, watches from the hill pasture. He bursts into a rage and swears that "they shall pay." Meanwhile in the town the crazy old woman Rosaria Grisafi thinks the blackout is a signal of a storm at sea and runs through the streets, knocking at doors and warning of disaster. The local Fascist chief, Major Mori, orders Stefani, son of the fish curer, at the head of a file of Fascisti to take the woman into custody. The file includes Nunzio Chiesa, a slovenly former farmer who shows little relish for the job. Rosaria locks herself in the chapel of which she is caretaker, and Stefani orders the doors broken down. Later a visiting functionary rebukes the local officers for raising a commotion about a crazy woman and asks why Maniscalco, who is really dangerous, has not been arrested. The hunt is on.*

HE WAS seen in many places. A carter, asleep on the pole of his wagon, was awakened by the halting of his mules. They were pricking up their ears at a black-bearded man standing in a waist-high reed bed beside the road. The carter gave him bread and cheese and a swig of wine and without alarm creaked his way into San Filippo. When his story got around, an order was issued that all reed beds were to be cut down. None of the reed beds were cut down except the one in which Maniscalco had appeared to the carter. And listening to the carter's final version of that encounter, one would have thought that the man was describing a miraculous apparition of one of the more hairy and less frequently seen saints—St. Jerome, for instance, as Ferrarello said.

A day later the black-bearded man was seen running through a lemon grove belonging to Mori, on the very outskirts of San Filippo. Maniscalco became tinged with heroism when some of the whitewashed lemon trees were found scarred deeply with knife cuts. Then the hunt was on in earnest. Drafted peasants lolled sleepily under bushes at crossroads by day, while the local officers of the law yawned about the valley slopes. In one day the smoldering of a heap of unthreshed beans was attributed to the goatherd, and the pollution of a well upon an estate fifteen miles off was also called his work. A pigeon cote fell out of a carob tree on another estate, and that was Blackbeard's doing, too.

Then Mori's horse went lame in its stable, and one of the Major's servant girls, Lucia Spatu, comely daughter of a notorious harridan, was questioned for two hours. She revealed nothing. As a consequence the entire corps of officers of the law, as well as the Fascisti, was mobilized. A file of soldiers came over from Syracuse and occupied the town. The taverns were closed, and a guard was mounted day and night at the Town Hall. Maniscalco was making things hum, the townspeople said.

On the fifth day all doubt vanished. A dozen sheep belonging to a relative of Stefani were hamstrung, the sinews of their hind legs neatly cut with a skilled knife point. The shepherd was locked up after confessing that a tall black-bearded figure, cursing horribly, had run by his hut during the night. The Fascisti paraded through the streets on two successive evenings shouting "Long Live Italy" at intervals. Incidents occurred by the dozen, outrageous feats of defiance, scandalous impudences involving leagues of furious careering about the scorching hills. Maniscalco was feuding heroically with Mori. The townspeople kept their eyes glued on the Major, thinking of the desperate Blackbeard in the hills.

Carmelo and Brasi, Maniscalco's sons, were never hauled in for questioning. That was because Major Mori had cunningly posted Chiesa to keep the boys under surveillance. Maniscalco would be sure to keep in communication with his sons.

When the sons discovered Chiesa, who without a care to conceal himself was walking up the slope of the San Filippo headland, they were upon the Golden Cape. It was that hour of the late afternoon when the marjoram and the wild thyme begin to give off their sweetest scent.

"Chiesa," Carmelo said, watching the Fascist take up a position among the rocks that belted the landward slope of the headland. "He must be on the lookout for father."

"I shall kill him," Brasi announced instantly and took out his knife. Carmelo deftly whipped it out of his hand. "*Sporca madonna,*" Brasi protested, "why should I not kill him? Tell me!"

"What good would it do—besides . . ."

"Besides what?"

"No matter. Father would be blamed. Then they would shoot him, whatever it was he did in San Filippo on your birthday. Is that beyond your understanding, stupid child?" Neither of the boys knew why their father was being hunted. But in giving his decision against killing the blackshirt Carmelo had other things in mind.

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One night Cesare had told him certain stories concerning Chiesa. After the other war Chiesa had been one of the wildest of the land agitators. He had spouted from carts and wagons about the countryside, neglecting the little farm he had rented from Mori's master. The farm lay at the head of the San Filippo valley, just over the lip of the plateau. Its lands had been wheat lands, poor in quality. The agitation had died down when Mori transferred his allegiance from the Mafia to the Fascio and cleaned up both criminals and agitators, carrying through the second operation under cover of the first. The defeated and bankrupt Chiesa had then abandoned his farm

Drawing by John Groth

and joined the Fascisti. For some reason or other Mori had advanced him. But those were incidents of long ago. "I don't know what to think of that Nunzio nowadays, or why that devil in a puppet show, Mori, keeps him," Cesare had recently said to Carmelo. His father's hatred of Mori seemed natural to Carmelo, for what goatherd would not be at war with a landlord's bailiff who was also a great landlord in his own right? Mori owned no goats and yet constantly nibbled away at the San Filippo pastures. He was determined to become lord of the entire valley and the surrounding hills, Father had said. Eh, and Father knew Mori had got his land by swindling his master, the Marchese, who lived in Paris, about the insurance rates for his property. When the Mafia and the peasants' organizations had been cleaned up so that there were no more extortionists demanding a "rake-off" and no more marching farmers demanding low rents at the point of a gun, the insurance rates on crops had fallen. Much good it had done His Excellency in Paris.

Once Carmelo and his father had been standing under the trees on The Walnuts estate. Father had had his shirt off searching for a black spider with red eyes that had gone down his back. Chiesa had approached them.

"Better walk alone than in evil company." Father had spoken the proverb gruffly though Nunzio had not even proposed conversation. The Fascist, all in his black shirt and gaiters, had slunk off, chewing wormwood and gall and ready to forswear the Savior's blood. And all the while he could have hauled both before Mori, for the walnuts they had beaten off the great trees were in piles around their feet. Why had he let them go free? These thoughts gave Carmelo an idea.

"We must make some *ricotta,* boy," he said brusquely, rising to his feet.

"Why so? We made curds yesterday, and to make it in the evening, is that good?"

"I said to make it."

"We have only one little bunch of fig leaves left," Brasi said. The leaves, to be mixed with the warm goats' milk until it curdled, were not obtainable nearer than San Filippo. The shepherds at the ruins below the headland were jealous guardians of the few old fig trees that grew there.

"Why do you want to make *ricotta?*" the boy insisted.

"I shall give some to Chiesa, to humor him. Who knows, he may blink his eyes."

"To Chiesa? Better kill him," Brasi protested hotly, and at that moment father came over the skyline and ran down to the bushes.

"By the Mother who made Christ," Carmelo said, astonished at his father's lack of caution. "Blazing hell," Brasi said at last. Surely Cesare must have seen Chiesa hanging around the pasture? Almost frantic with anxiety, they drove the goats back to the bushes little by little so as not to attract Chiesa's attention. When they approached the hut, Cesare came out and scolded them both for their tardiness.

Dry-mouthed, shaking with fear for his father, Carmelo protested. "But Chiesa's up by the rocks."

"That misbegotten ——! Give me bread and cheese, *figghiu!*" Cesare ran out and bawled obscenely in the direction of the headland where Chiesa lay. And then pitching two balls of cheese and half the bread into his pouch he embraced them both slowly and lovingly.

"Get more bread by Friday. And some onions. Lord, an onion is a thing one misses. No one seems to grow onions any more," he said and again ran out of the bushes and shook his fist at the hidden Chiesa.

"Father, for the love of the Virgin," Carmelo yelled and dragged him back into cover. "They're hunting for you everywhere. You mustn't come back here. You must go to the continent till it's all over." By the continent Carmelo meant Italy.

"What, leave my sons here, my little Brasi and you!" A carbine shot resounded on the San Filippo headland.

"Bastard!" muttered Cesare over his shoulder, caressing Brasi's head. Then Carmelo hissed for silence.

"There's a patrol on the Golden Cape." Again the father infuriated his elder son by running to the edge of the bushes, now waving in the evening breeze. Then, hugging them again, he darted away. At the instant when the

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Experiment in Morale

BY LIAN SHAIRO

WHEN President Roosevelt, calling for conscription last October, mentioned that he would like to see, at the same time, universal work service, his words were either muffled by the bombs bursting in Europe or lost in the pool of public apathy. But in Vermont a group of Yankee farmers and young college graduates listened, and hoped they could believe him. They thought that in work service William James's "moral equivalent of war" had been found. They believed with James that peace could not be and ought not to be "permanent on this globe unless the state, pacifically organized, preserves some of the old elements of army discipline," that a "successful peace economy cannot be a simple pleasure economy."

James had proposed "instead of military conscription, a conscription of the whole youthful population to form for a certain number of years a part of the army enlisted against nature," holding that this would inculcate the forgetfulness of self, the sense of obligations and duties as well as of rights, so often awakened only by war. It was a German refugee who brought home these teachings of the American philosopher to American students. Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy, now fifty-three, had tried to combat the sense of futility that overwhelmed German youth after the first World War by founding, with others, the voluntary work-camp movement, later transformed by Hitler to the Nazis' own purposes. In 1933 Huessy joined the Harvard faculty; in 1936 he went to Dartmouth, where a chair of social philosophy was established for him. In his lectures Huessy spoke often of the German work camps as they had been before Hitler took them over. Naturally the resemblances between this service and the CCC camp were inescapable, as were their points of difference. When a branch of the CCC came to work on a lumbering project near Hanover, Professor Huessy's students visited the camp and became acquainted with the boys and their activities.

In the summer of 1939 Robert O'Brien, one of Huessy's students, was hitch-hiking through northern Vermont. At Tunbridge he heard that Lawrence Bowen, a farmer and master of the Grange, was looking for a hired hand. O'Brien dropped by and got the job. Many of Bowen's neighbors also needed help, and soon half a dozen Dartmouth men were doing chores in the neighboring townships for whatever the farmers could pay—sometimes just board and room. The hard-pressed farmers were delighted, and the boys, whose numbers increased through the summer, felt they had found the kind of work that satisfied their social consciences. Some had scholarships for graduate study, others offers of good jobs in the fall; but the prospect of helping this community get back on its feet—and perhaps the larger community of the nation, too—kept these disciples of Huessy in Vermont. They began to nurse the idea of a work camp—a work camp that should be not simply a relief measure but a mission post to show the way. The Vermonters, suspicious at first, were won over, and community leaders formed the "Committee of the Eight Townships" to cooperate.

One summer resident, Dorothy Thompson, heard that a number of college graduates were working as hired hands around Tunbridge and invited them over to tell her about it. They came and explained their dream. For all their starry-eyed idealism, they knew what they wanted—something they could believe in, something that needed them. The core of their conviction, as expressed by Arnold Childs, Dartmouth '39, was that "the problem of rebuilding morale is the most immediate and permanent problem facing America . . . what we lack is the will to work, to pull together, faith in ourselves, in our way of life." They were inspired by "the discovery . . . that we are a common people, that each of us is organically bound to the other, and that this can be felt and understood only through work and service and community life." They proposed that "the federal government authorize a new type of youth work service which would include all the elements of American society." Dorothy Thompson became their stoutest public defender; another neighbor, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, lent her support; various lines to Washington were laid.

The blueprint was this: The government would set up an experimental CCC camp in the vicinity of Tunbridge, a camp open to boys of every economic status. It would be under the sole supervision of the Department of Agriculture, outside the jurisdiction of the army. The project was to be the rehabilitation of the surrounding communities through methods to be decided by the communities themselves, not, as is usual CCC policy, by Washington. The workers were to help individuals—the farmer who couldn't afford a hired hand, who needed a new barn built, whose brush must be cut or fences mended. Perhaps after a while some of the abandoned farms could be restored to productivity and resettled by city-slum families.

On September 25 the eight townships—Sharon, Norwich, South Royalton, Bethel, Tunbridge, Stafford, Ran-

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dolph, and Chelsea—held a mass-meeting in Tunbridge Town Hall and petitioned the President of the United States to receive a delegation and learn about the plan "for cooperation among rural communities, college men, and city youth," a plan which "through personal sacrifice and hard work" was already working in that area of Vermont. The President sent a memorandum to Federal Security Commissioner Paul McNutt suggesting that he "cooperate." McNutt appointed a committee of the National Defense Council to consider the petition, and after a month of hearings the committee decided that the idea was worth government support. With the reluctant consent of Director McEntee of the CCC, the old camp in Sharon was to be fixed over for the new service.

Camp William James, as it was called, was set up in the first week in January. There were forty-five campers, the collegiate contingent having been augmented by five or six local farm boys and by some hand-picked members of the regular CCC. An elected camp manager appointed a council representative of all the elements in camp. The Department of Agriculture appointed a committee of civilians—including Dorothy Thompson and Professor Huessy—to supervise the camp's broad policy; the manager and council were in charge of schedules, work assignments, discipline, and cleanliness. The community was to be consulted on projects. Discipline was semi-military: activities proceeded to the call of the bugle; campers slept and ate army fashion; there was daily inspection. The boys worked from dawn to dusk and gathered in discussion groups in the evening.

They spent the first month building their barracks and putting the camp in shape. Then one day Representative Engel of Michigan (Republican) declaimed in Congress about "a camp for the over-privileged" which had been set up by the very man who was the founder of the Hitler Youth Movement. Senator Aiken of Vermont (Republican) replied from the Senate that the camp was a fine thing, 100 per cent American, and that he was heart and soul behind it. Attack and defense followed. Finally McEntee wrote the Department of Agriculture that Congressional opposition made it necessary to discontinue Camp William James.

The college men and some of the others, refusing to admit defeat, resigned from the CCC and moved to an abandoned farm near Tunbridge. Through the winter they struggled along on small donations and intermittent pay for odd jobs, clinging to their belief in the hope their plan held for democracy. But funds ran out, the draft cut in, families exerted authority. By late spring all but the most stubborn disciples had given up.

Their experience, however, has had echoes throughout the country. In Grafton, New Hampshire, in July and August, a work camp underwritten by the town rebuilt a dam which had been washed out in 1927. In Hudson, Ohio, members of a work camp reconstructed the Goodrich Settlement camp. In Monteagle, Tennessee, another work camp built a craft shop for the Highlander Folk School. In Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, twenty-five young people constructed recreational facilities for children of miners and factory workers.

They are looking for something to hold to, these members of a generation bred on uncertainty. They seek an active, productive creed. And in a time of war they believe they have found the way to win the peace.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Figures Don't Lie, but—

A RECENT article in the *Washington Review*, organ of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, opened with this surprising statement:

> There is an erroneous belief that the burden of taxation is heavier in Britain than it is in the United States. This misconception has been fostered by frequent focusing of attention upon the fact that some of the British income tax rates, particularly in the lower brackets, exceed some of the rates of our federal income tax. . . . Valid comparisons of the tax burden must be based upon reliable indices. Two indices are generally considered acceptable—per capita taxes and the relationship between taxes and national income.

The conclusion of the investigation carried out by the *Washington Review* is that for the fiscal year 1942 "upon both per capita basis and in relation to national income, the tax burden upon our people is higher than upon the people of Britain." Whether such indices do make possible really valid comparisons under present conditions is open to question. But in any case the worth of the indices for comparative or any other purposes depends on the accuracy of the component figures and on like being compared with like.

Since in all cases the figures refer to incomplete periods, it is obvious that they are estimates, and it is important to know how they have been arrived at. The article places the total American tax bill at $22½ billion for 1942, an amount which includes state and local government levies as well as federal revenue. The comparable British figure is put at $7.9 billion,* which appears to be a serious underestimate. The official British estimate for national revenue in the current year is $7,145,440,000, but to this must be added local property taxes or "rates." The *Washington Review* does not give any separate figure for rates, but simple subtraction indicates that it has allowed $755 million or £188¾ million. I can discover no authority for this estimate. The latest available figures indicate an annual rate bill for England and Wales alone of about £200 million, a sharp increase over the total for the years just before the war which is partly explained by the cost of air-raid protection, much of which falls on the local authorities. I have been unable to obtain a recent figure for Scotland, but allowing for a modest expansion of the 1937-38 total of £20½ million, an estimate of £22 million

*All conversions from pounds sterling are at the rate adopted by the *Washington Review:* £ equals $4.

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seems reasonable. This means that we should add to British national revenue £222 million in respect of local taxes, or some £33 million more than the *Washington Review's* undocumented estimate.

The figure mentioned previously for total American taxes includes apparently social-security levies, but the Chamber of Commerce has omitted the equivalent British contributions toward unemployment insurance and pensions, which in the year 1938-39 added up to £78,303,597—not an entirely trivial sum even in these days. For the current year the amount will certainly be higher because so many more people are employed, but let us accept this figure and add it to the estimate for national revenue and our revised total of local taxes. Converted into dollars, the resulting sum is approximately $8.4 billion, or a cool half billion more than the total given in the article under examination.

Nevertheless, this is a minor error compared with the *Washington Review's* estimate of British national income, which is placed at $36 billion. No authority is quoted for this figure and I know of none, official or unofficial, that could be. Of course, national income is a rather tricky statistical concept, the size of which for any country may vary widely according to definition. But for its comparable estimate of United States national income—$90 billion for the current year—the *Review* clearly relies on the monthly figures of total income payments quoted in the *Federal Reserve Bulletin*. An estimate of British national income on a similar basis made by the British Central Statistical Office placed the total for 1940 at $22.4 billion, and in a recent address before the National Tax Association at St. Paul, Minnesota, Dr. Brinley Thomas, a British economist, suggested that the total for 1941-42 would be about $27 billion. If he is correct, the *Washington Review* is $9 billion out, and its "valid comparison" becomes hopelessly invalid. Its conclusion was that American taxes absorbed 25 per cent of the national income but British only 22.1 per cent. On the basis of my figures the British percentage works out at 33⅓.

Understatement of the total of British taxes also vitiates the *Washington Review's* calculation of its second reliable index—comparative taxes per capita in the two countries. According to its findings, the figure for the United States is $168 and for the United Kingdom $165. Recalculated on the basis of the correct tax bill, the British per capita tax is $175.

Apart from its happy-go-lucky treatment of statistics, the *Washington Review* article offers other evidence of preparation by someone unfamiliar with the subject matter. "It is of interest to note," it says, "that in Great Britain, which has generally been considered a low-tariff country, customs duties account for about one-fifth of total British tax revenues, whereas in this country they account for less than 2 per cent of total tax revenue." This statement betrays ignorance of the fact that the bulk of British customs receipts are the product of steep duties on such commodities as tea, coffee, cocoa, and wine, imposed entirely for revenue purposes since these goods are not produced in Britain.

I do not pretend to know the motive of the United States Chamber of Commerce in sponsoring such inaccurate and misleading statements about comparative tax burdens, but obviously its findings have supplied useful ammunition for Anglophobe isolationists who are assiduously spreading propaganda to the effect that Britain is asking greater sacrifices from us than from its own people. This article was given wide publicity in the press. A syndicated Scripps-Howard editorial comment on it was headed "Amazing Figures." The adjective is just, but the really amazing thing is that a reputable organization of national importance should have lent its authority to such an inexcusably misleading compilation.

In the Wind

A DIVISION OF OPINION has developed in the American Civil Liberties Union over the extent to which the union shall fight for full political rights for soldiers. Norman Thomas and several others want to establish the right of soldiers to address themselves to the President on matters of foreign policy; the opposing group wants the union to stay out of all military cases.

SOME NEW YORK Democrats have started a movement to tear down Tammany Hall and use the ground it stands on for a parking lot. They feel that the physical destruction of the building would go a long way toward removing the stigma of Tammany's influence on the party.

A HEARST PAPER has finally taken an ad for "Citizen Kane." In the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* the Hawaii Theater advertised a showing of the Orson Welles film as follows: "Big Screen Attraction! See It from the Beginning: 12:20; 2:45; 5:15; 7:40; 10:00." That was the complete ad.

NEW ENTRY VISAS for this country require applicants to tell whether they are "Negro, Chinese, Japanese, Hebrew, or White."

THE *AMERICAN MAGAZINE* has rejected an article by John Dewey answering one by Joseph E. Davies in which the former Ambassador said that the Soviet Union's resistance to Hitler was made possible by the purging of pro-Nazis in the Moscow trials.

THE KU KLUX KLAN is currently distributing reprints of a series of articles on The International Jew which appeared originally in Henry Ford's Dearborn *Independent*. At the same time a recent issue of the *Fiery Cross*, official Klan paper, says "the Klan is flattered" because the Jewish War Veterans "have followed the lead of the Klan in adopting its slogan, Unity and Victory."

THE *CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR* still runs this standing head in its advertising columns: "Where to go for luncheon, tea, dinner in Europe." All that appears below is an advertisement for the Primrose Tea Rooms in London.

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.*]*

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A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Clinics for Little Business

HOW much luck the OPM is going to have putting the little boys to work on the big job of defense I don't know. I doubt that Floyd B. Odlum, who is running red, white, and blue railroad trains to defense-production clinics in big and little towns, has any idea yet how successful he is going to be in spreading the big job to the little firms. The red, white, and blue trains rolling down the tracks will not as surely spread the work, I think, as they will dramatize the size and shape of bigness in the United States. Defense Authority is not only mobilizing the country; it is also adding to our knowledge of the country—and to the OPM's knowledge. It is not only showing how big is Big Industry; also, and even more interestingly, it is indicating how big Little Industry still is, and what is happening to it.

Mr. Odlum gave us a rough idea of the size of his job, and of Big Industry, too, when he referred recently to the fifty-six companies holding 75 per cent of the major defense contracts, which he hoped they would share with little companies around them. Actually, his job does not so much involve billions of dollars as thousands of people, from the man running the shop in the shed to the enterprise which erects its steel-wire fences around half a county. It is easier to see the big enterprise. Somehow when we think about American industry we have in our heads a picture of Ford's plants, of the huge furnaces of United States Steel, of the walls around the sprawling aircraft plants and the shipyards. And that is American industry as both Hitler and Churchill see it, as the army and the navy and the OPM count upon it. But American industry is also—as the Congressmen heard from their constituents and the OPM heard from the Congressmen—something widespread and small. Indeed, statisticians in Washington, checked by experts at the University of Chicago, have just finished a new consideration of industry which contemplates the fact that of the 185,000 manufacturing or production units in the country, 135,000 employ twenty persons or fewer. But this 73 per cent of all the plants employs only 6 to 7 per cent of the labor and, what is more important to defense, uses only about 5 per cent of our supply of strategic materials. Even all the plants employing up to fifty people would consume less than 10 per cent of the materials and employ less than a fifth of the labor. I don't know where Big Industry begins above that; maybe not until we get to the fifty-six companies with the 75 per cent of the contracts which Mr. Odlum hopes they will share by subletting.

This Little Industry is strange. My own statistical department is based entirely on the "World Almanac," but if its figures are not too out of date they show that the average manufacturing plant in terms of personnel is bigger in Mississippi than in New York. They show that mass-production Michigan has the biggest average units, but that they employ only 117 men per plant, with Mr. Ford and General Motors helping to push up that average. In South Dakota the average number of workers per manufacturing plant is only a little more than ten. The average plant in South Carolina has about three times as many employees as the average plant in New York. I am one of the possibly sentimental people who believe that in little enterprise is a good deal of liberty's strength. Such strength is not flourishing in defense, as the need for Mr. Odlum's clinics indicates.

These little industries, up the stairs in the cities and on the spur tracks by the freight depots in the little towns, have no monopoly on virtue. Some of the worst industrial tyrants are in the smallest plants. A good many little shops are sweatshops, too. But it could undoubtedly be shown that in many ways bigness has meant more and better goods. There is something tragic about the necessity for those production clinics for little plants. Clinic is a word we have reserved for the sick, and so far Big Industry has got the contracts and Little Industry is getting the clinics.

It is, of course, not the business of Mr. Odlum, as director of the contract-distribution division of the OPM, to alter any already established patterns in America. After all, this defense emphasis on bigness came under the New Deal. Odlum's job is to spread the work to increase production and also to prevent priority shut-downs from creating economic hardships and political difficulties within this producing America. His bright-colored trains run through a problem which began before defense, which will outlast defense, and which, after it, will be important still in terms of the survival of democracy. His production clinics may prevent the economic malnutrition of many little industries. He may add more men and machines to the defense effort. But it will take more than red, white, and blue trains to halt the new impetus which defense has given to bigness in the United States. If bigness keeps on growing we shall have to invent a bigger word for big. If it keeps on, we may defeat totalitarianism and get something just as total for the enterprising little man.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Compactness Compacted

POEMS AND NEW POEMS. By Louise Bogan. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

WOMEN are not noted for terseness, but Louise Bogan's art is compactness compacted. Emotion with her, as she has said of certain fiction, is "itself form, the kernel which builds outward form from inward intensity." She uses a kind of forged rhetoric that nevertheless seems inevitable. It is almost formula with her to omit the instinctive comma of self-defensive explanation, for example, "Our lives through we have trod the ground." Her titles are right poetically, with no subserviences for torpid minds to catch at; the lines entitled Knowledge, for instance, being really about love. And there is fire in the brazier—the thinker in the poet. Fifteenth Farewell says:

> I erred, when I thought loneliness the wide
> Scent of mown grass over forsaken fields,
> Or any shadow isolation yields.
> Loneliness was the heart within your side.

One is struck by the constant fashion of under-presentment, an unusual courtesy in this day of bombast. The triumph of what purports to be surrender, in the Poem in Prose, should be studied entire.

Miss Bogan is a workman, in prose or in verse. Anodynes are intolerable to her. She refuses to be deceived or self-deceived. Her work is not mannered. There are in it thoughts about the disunities of "the single mirrored against the single," about the devouring gorgon romantic love, toward which, as toward wine, unfaith is renewal; thoughts about the solace and futilities of being brave; about the mind as a refuge—"crafty knight" that is itself "Prey to an end not evident to craft"; about grudges; about no longer treating memory "as rich stuff . . . in a cedarn dark, . . . as eggs under the wings," but as

> Rubble in gardens, it and stones alike,
> That any spade may strike.

We read of "The hate that bruises, though the heart is braced"; of "one note rage can understand"; of "chastity's futility" and "pain's effrontery"; of "memory's false measure." No Uncle Remus phase of nature this about the crows and the woman whose prototype is the briar patch; "She is a stem long hardened, A weed that no scythe mows." Could the uninsisted on surgery of exposition be stricter than in the term "red" for winter grass, or evoke the contorted furor of flame better than by saying the fire ceased its "thresh"? We have "The lilac like a heart" (preceded by the word "leaves"); "See now the stretched hawk fly"; "Horses in half-ploughed fields Make earth they walk upon a changing color." Most delicate of all,

> we heard . . .
> . . . the axe's sound
> Delay a moment after the axe's stroke.

Music here is not someone's idol but experience. There are short lines, real rhymes, vowel complements, and consonant resonances so perfect one does not incline to wonder whether the sound is a vowel or a consonant—as in The Crossed Apple:

> . . . this side is red without a dapple,
> And this side's hue
> Is clear and snowy. It's a lovely apple.
> It is for you.

In "fed with fire" we have expert use of the enhancing exception to the end-stopped line:

> And spiny fruits up through the earth are fed
> with fire;

Best of all is the embodied climax with unforced subsiding cadence, as in the song about

> The stone—the deaf, the blind—
> That sees the birds in flock
> Steer narrowed to the wind.

When a tune plagues the ear, the best way to get it out is to let it sound forth unhindered. This Miss Bogan has done with a W. H. Auden progression, Evening in the Sanitarium; with G. M. Hopkins in Feuer-Nacht; Ezra Pound in The Sleeping Fury; W. B. Yeats in Betrothed and elsewhere; W. C. Williams in Zone; all through there is a certain residual, securely equated seventeenth-century firmness. But there are disappointments. The spectacular competence of Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral does not make up for its coldness.

What of the implications? For mortal rage and immortal injury are there or are there not medicines? Job and Hamlet insisted that we dare not let ourselves be snared into hating hatefulness; to do this would be to take our own life. Harmed let us say through our generosity—if we consent to have pity on our illusions and others' absence of illusion, to condone the fact that "no fine body ever can be meat and drink to anyone," is it true that pain will exchange its role and become servant instead of master? Or is it merely a conveniently unexpunged superstition?

Those who have seemed to know most about eternity feel that this side of eternity is a small part of life. We are told, if we do wrong that grace may abound, it does not abound. We need not be told that life is never going to be free from trouble and that there are no substitutes for the dead; but it is a fact as well as mystery that weakness is power, that handicap is proficiency, that the scar is a credential, that indignation is no adversary for gratitude, or sobriety for joy. There are medicines. MARIANNE MOORE

A History of Law

THE QUEST FOR LAW. By William Seagle. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

IN THIS streamlined history of law the author has undertaken to trace in colloquial language the development of law and legal institutions from their appearance in primitive "pre-legal" tribal society to their modern manifestations in

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the highly complex political organization of today, in the very complexity of which he finds a basis for the breakdown of the rule of law—administrative justice—and a return to the personalized officialdom of what he calls the "archaic" period of ancient law.

The types of law that the author establishes are the primitive, the archaic, and the mature, each of which he identifies with a certain economic, social, and political system and with certain incidental characteristics that are reflected in the forms or methods by which justice is administered. The primitive is typical of the law or rather the custom of hunters and herdsmen: government is by group responsibility of the kindred; there is a modified communism of property, practically no political organization, and a system of self-help and composition and sometimes of primitive arbitration, which was not the origin of courts. The archaic is typical of the system of slavery and feudalism, of societies that derive their livelihoods from agriculture, early handicrafts, and commerce; it is characterized by a monopoly of force, the king's peace, private property, the beginnings of courts, with caliph's judgments—a procedure which, while formalized, is still addicted to some form of trial by ordeal and in which there is a relative absence of writing and no lawyers. Greek and Roman law seem to furnish the transition from archaic to what is called mature law, the distinguishing characteristics of which are capitalistic society, formal pleadings, objective law created by and administered by lawyers, highly developed independent courts guided by evidence based on facts and by law, and the rise of natural law, *laissez faire*, civil liberties, and international law.

The form of the judicial duel by which litigation is conducted, incidentally establishing principles and policy for society in general, receives critical attention. The author refrains from asking courts to act as general administrators, on the order of Thurman Arnold's criticism of trial by combat, but recognizes that the modern encroachment of the state on private activity entails handicaps to the rule of law, the judicial process, the rights of the individual. Liberalism has changed its content but not its goal in endeavoring to advance the best interests of both individual and society. Although an apparent critic of capitalism, the author concedes that the growth of economic freedom, civil liberty, democratic forms, and the social values we now extol is an incident of the growth of capitalism, controlled against abuse by constant political and economic pressures. Judicial review, somewhat criticized, is a tribute to American policy, for it acts as a counterbalance to personalized government, always struggling for domination. Judicial supremacy is a half-truth, and always an ephemeral phenomenon.

What distinguishes the present work is the broad perspective, the social outlook, and the comparative approach by and with which the institutional development of society in its more legal manifestations is judged, appraised, and criticized. The author lays under contribution the best researches of the anthropologists, sociologists, lawyers, and legal historians, not only in the English-speaking world but on the Continent as well. In the light of that important service, which has brought the stream of history to the cognizance of lawyer and layman alike, certain breath-taking generalizations and the reviewer's challenges to particular premises, inferences,

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and conclusions may be left aside. But it should be said that Roscoe Pound is not merely eminent as a legal philosopher (p. 393), as witness, among numerous contributions, his long criticism of the "Majority Report" of the Attorney General's committee on administrative procedure, published in the current (November) *American Bar Association Journal.*

EDWIN BORCHARD

"Propagandist for Humanity"

CLARENCE DARROW FOR THE DEFENSE. By Irving Stone. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

IRVING STONE, who has a tendency to paint his characters in bright colors, has not spared the brushes in this life of Clarence Darrow, but he stays within bounds. Well documented, even brilliantly written, the book reads like an adventure story but has the impact of a forgotten indictment. Perhaps the eight-hour day, the right of workers to strike or unions to organize, the anti-evolution laws, and prohibition seem academic issues now, but under Stone's prodding they live again.

In writing this book Stone has weighted the scales skilfully. His emphasis is on Darrow the advocate of liberal causes rather than on Darrow the man. However, he includes enough factual and anecdotal material about Darrow's background, his personal and domestic life, to give the reader an understandable portrait, even though it is a little less critical than it might be.

Clarence Darrow was born in Kinsman, Ohio, in 1857. His father was a bookish furniture-maker much more interested in books than in furniture. He taught the young Clarence three things that influenced all his future actions—love of books and learning, an almost fanatical belief in tolerance, and sympathy for the under-dog.

When Darrow moved to Chicago in 1887 he was merely a country lawyer with a flair for debating. At that time the sound of four human necks being broken by the noose was still fresh in the ears of the people. It was the aftermath of the Haymarket riots. The spirit of revolt was smoldering. Darrow smelled the smoke and couldn't stay away from the fire. Henry George and his system, socialism, anarchism, free love, and other "isms" were attracting the attention of the intellectuals. It was an era of talk, and Darrow was the least silent. In fact, he spent more time lecturing and debating than he did in his law office, and his oratorical prowess brought him into contact with many of the leading personages of Chicago. One of them was John Peter Altgeld, who liked Darrow on sight and soon got him a job in the city law department, which eventually led to Darrow's appointment as general counsel for the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. For a few years he was content, and it seemed as if he might become a successful corporation lawyer, but Eugene Debs was arrested for leading the American Railway Union strike, and Darrow, then thirty-seven years old, gave up his lush job to defend Debs. It was his first *cause célèbre.*

In this trial Darrow originated a pattern of procedure that was simplicity itself. Instead of defending the accused, he attacked the law itself, showing it to be archaic and unjust.

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Part of this plan was to put the plaintiff on trial and show that the real victim was the defendant, and as Stone points out in discussing the various important trials in Darrow's career, Darrow used this method or a variation of it in almost all his cases. The only time he came a cropper was in his defense of the McNamara brothers in the dynamiting of the Los Angeles *Times* Building. Darrow was tired and sick at the time and wanted no part in the case, but Samuel Gompers prevailed upon him and Darrow reluctantly gave in, to discover a few months later that the McNamara brothers had been guilty of a series of terroristic acts. For the first time he was confronted with the problem of a defense in which he could not put his heart. He had the McNamara brothers plead guilty and earned the epithet "traitor" from organized labor. He himself was indicted and tried on a charge of jury-bribing because of his participation in the case, and although eventually acquitted, he left Los Angeles broken in health and reputation. He returned to Chicago and had to start all over, and it was some years before his natural ability overcame the stigma attached to his name. That was in 1911. He never tried another labor murder case.

By far the most interesting portions of the book are those dealing with the trials. Stone discusses in detail the cases of the Woodcutters' Union in Oshkosh, of John Mitchell and the United Mine Workers, of Big Bill Haywood and the Western Federation of Miners, of Loeb and Leopold; the Scopes trial at Dayton, Tennessee; the defense of Dr. Sweet, the Negro; and the Massey case in Hawaii. Stone has originated an effective method. He treats them as though he were the director of a play. He sets the scene, explains the story, introduces the characters, and criticizes the acting. Of course the leading man is always Darrow, and regardless of the script he never fails to give a great performance.

Although Darrow was a bohemian in his personal life, in his thinking he was always old-fashioned. He was the typical small-town agnostic, a benign philosophical anarchist of the same stripe as Thoreau. He hated violence and had a heart as large as his huge body. Someone called him "a propagandist for humanity." It is a fitting epitaph.

GEORGE JOEL

The Dance in Photographs

MARTHA GRAHAM: SIXTEEN DANCES IN PHOTOGRAPHIC SEQUENCE. By Barbara Morgan. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $6.

PHOTOGRAPHING a dance is like photographing the closing of a door. You can photograph a door when it is open, when it is partially closed, and when it is closed, but you cannot photograph it while it is being closed. A dance, unfolding in time and in space, exists in transition. A dance photograph records only an arrested fraction of this transition and cannot therefore reproduce a choreographic pattern. While spatial relationships exist both in the dance and in photography, the factors which determine them are qualitatively different. The temporal design of a dance finds no equivalent in the photograph, just as the textural differentiations of light and dark masses and the accents and rhythm of light, which are the essence of photography, find

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LOUIS ADAMIC

"We all came from somewhere: from many lands. That was the Passage Here. Now we've got to go back. This is the Passage Back. We've got to take to Europe our American revolution, our accumulated American Experience." So writes the author of My America, The Native's Return *and* From Many Lands *concerning this concrete, dramatic suggestion for defeating the anti-democratic forces.*

WALTER MILLIS, *N. Y. Herald Tribune:* "A book written to start a fire. A real idea, clothed by Mr. Adamic's wide knowledge and sensitive awareness, in the flesh of actual men and women as they actually live and feel and dream in this vast complex of American democracy. Many must already believe that unless this general concept can be infused into American thought and policy, the greatest of the great opportunities our time presents will slip irretrievably through our hands."

SYDNEY JUSTIN HARRIS, *Chicago News:* "Its basic point is simple, dramatic and bound to capture the imagination of every democratic thinker in the country."

SAMUEL GRAFTON, *N. Y. Post:* "The idea is one of the very few that burst the bonds of more or less disguised imitation of Nazi techniques; it is not a copy of a Nazi method, edited for democracy, but sheerly and completely democratic. Let's make it a movement."

TWO-WAY PASSAGE

by LOUIS ADAMIC

"V FOR VISION as well as V for Victory"

$2.50 • HARPER

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no equivalents in the dance. Thus a photograph of a dance is primarily a photograph and only secondarily an evocation of a dance.

Yet despite the fact that Miss Morgan, in attempting to record dances in photographs, has undertaken an apparently impossible task, she has achieved a measure of success. Her book about Martha Graham consists, as books about dancers should, of many photographs and few words. In a series of some 140 photographs, most of which are mediocre, a few excellent, and a handful brilliant, she has presented what she considers the focal points of sixteen of Martha Graham's most important dances. By a wise selection of successive fractional seconds Miss Morgan actually evokes, for people who already know them, many of the dances photographed. The very weaknesses of Martha Graham's style render her dances peculiarly photogenic. Her compositions are generally characterized by a spastic quality resulting from a lack of modulation and of transition between the arrested, explosive gestures that constitute the focal points of her dances. Thus the impact of Graham's dances is produced by momentarily static positions rather than by transitional sequences. For example, the high-points of "Frontier," of which this book contains some remarkable photographs, are the opening and closing sections, which consist of a series of held positions, while the middle section of the dance, which moves through space, lacks significance. In photographing this dance Miss Morgan concentrated on the opening and closing positions, largely eliminating the intermediary and least memorable section. There are two excellent photographs of "Lamentation," one of Graham's best dances in an early lyric vein, but the picture of superimposed photographs of the same dance reveals the type of false mysticism of which Miss Graham herself is too often guilty—though, strangely enough, not in the particular dance where the camera creates it. The exquisite torso study of "Exstasis" is by far the best photograph in the book; its excellence does not derive from its faithfulness as a record, but rather from the revelation of a quality never apparent in the actual performance of the dance.

In devoting a book of photographs to Martha Graham, Miss Morgan has focused her camera on the central figure of that cult of the occult where, because practically nothing ever happens, the turn of the screw has the repercussions of a bombshell, the flick of a wrist the impact of a blow. Although the book has obviously been prepared in a spirit of loving dedication, it unwittingly reveals the faults as well as the virtues of that small, tense figure which has, for a good ten years, dominated the waste land of the modern dance. But the revelation of inadequacies will hardly affect Miss Graham's admirers, who will find in the book precisely what they seek—substantiation of their belief in her greatness. The book, which is beautifully printed, contains valuable biographical data, an account of Graham's development as an artist, and a complete listing of all her works beginning with 1926. For admirers of Miss Graham's art, it is an invaluable record and reference work. To those who remain baffled, bored, or irritated by America's allegedly greatest dancer, Miss Morgan's work will appear a colossal monument completely out of proportion to the object of its dedication.

VIRGINIA MISHNUN

Coming Soon in THE NATION

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Six poems by Miguel Otero Silva (Venezuela), Nicolas Guillén (Cuba), León Felipe (Mexico), and two poets of Spain, Agusti Bartra and Rafael Alberti, who are now in exile in the new world.

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Milton as Political Thinker

MILTON IN THE PURITAN REVOLUTION. By Don M. Wolfe. Thomas Nelson and Sons. $4.

THIS volume doe not attempt a critical evaluation of Milton's poetry, nor does it make the dubious effort to read topical meanings into the poems. The author sets out with the clear intention to weigh Milton as a social and political thinker, and he achieves his purpose with notable success. He examines only those works in which Milton deals with ideas of toleration, religious freedom, democracy, and liberty of expression. His analysis of Milton's views, based on broad learning and a philosophic grasp of the principles involved, reaches the sound conclusion that Milton was a consistent advocate of freedom of worship, of toleration of dissent, of a free press, and of political democracy. Though his advocacy of all these ideas was not equally clear and comprehensive, he was a pioneer in the formulation of the principles upon which modern democratic society rests.

Milton's position as a political thinker is made clearer, and the value of the book is greatly enhanced, by Dr. Wolfe's thorough presentation of the contemporary background of ideas and his extensive reference to the other important theorists and reformers, such as Overton, Roger Williams, Lilburne, Walwyn, and Winstanley. The volume is a significant contribution not only to our knowledge of Milton but also to the history of ideas.

DONALD A. ROBERTS

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DRAMA

God's Plenty

IT HAS sometimes been objected that a typical modern play doesn't really give the audience its money's worth, that small talk in prose, one drawing-room, and half a dozen ordinary people in their street clothes just aren't Dionysian enough to constitute theater in any satisfactory sense of the word. There may be something in the objection at that, but it can hardly be raised against "The Land Is Bright," which George Kaufman and Edna Ferber have put together with their usual lavish expenditure of theatrical effects and which Max Gordon has mounted with a fine disregard of the cost at the Music Box Theater. It may be only prose, but it is not the sort of prose one hears around tea tables; there may be only one drawing-room, but it is redecorated twice, and what a drawing-room it is, especially during the nineties when the wife of a new robber baron has just been letting herself go. As for action, well, you could hardly ask for more even with the three generations which the authors have allowed themselves for scope. There are two killings included, but here they are hardly more than minor incidents. Generations rise and fall, era gives way to era, millions are made and spent, and there are more degenerations, regenerations, conversions, seeings-of-the-light, and turnings-over-of-new-leaves than I remember in any three acts of my experience.

Naturally everything moves pretty fast between acts as well as during their course. To take one example of a dozen, the daughter, Linda, whom one saw at the end of the second act in a terrible jam with a gangster with whom she had got chummy in a speakeasy, turns up in Act III as the efficient co-manager of a stock-breeding farm in the West. Or, to take another, we have hardly got her brother fixed in our minds as a playboy when he appears transformed by a good woman into the mainstay of the family's financial affairs; and we have hardly got him fixed as that when, lo and behold, he is a crusty old codger turning the reformed Linda away from the house on his seventieth birthday but ready a few minutes later to stop swearing at the government and to perform a gratifying but slightly improbable right-about-face when the sight of a victim of Nazi tortures convinces him that there is something to do besides holding on to one's own.

Yet either in spite of or because of all this and a very great deal more, "The Land Is Bright" deserves to be called a darn good show, even if one hesitates to apply any more solemn phrase of critical approval. In the first place, though it may sound in description a little like "The American Way," it is actually very different indeed. That pageant was so loosely constructed and so sprawling that it was hardly written at all. "The Land Is Bright," on the other hand, is both written and constructed within an inch of its life, and is so efficient in its dramaturgy that, contrary to all probability, it not only manages to get all its incidents within very little more than normal playing-time but actually succeeds in tying them together in such a way that some sort of compactness and unity is achieved. It is also complete with theme and thesis—that the era of exploitation and easy riches is over, the era of facing social responsibilities at hand—so that a mere critic who has never done more than turn out his little columns on time hardly knows what to say in the presence of so much energy, so much competence, and so much admirable intention. Much the same thing must be said of the acting, which may not have much subtle shading or much poetic insight, which may indeed be a bit on the obvious and brassy side, but which is, like everything else about the writing and production, tremendously efficient, clear-cut, and workman-like. Perhaps one had better just repeat: "The Land Is Bright" is a darn good show. Here is God's plenty in action, color, and "significance." If it were a movie it would be called "an epic"; if it were a novel, the flap on the dust jacket would infallibly describe it as "panoramic in sweep"; as a play it is indubitably "a hit." The last isn't criticism or even description, but perhaps it is, nevertheless, the most important thing to say.

There is, if possible, even less doubt about the success of "Blithe Spirit," the "improbable farce" by Noel Coward just unveiled on the stage of the Morosco Theater; and at the risk of seeming frivolous I am frank to confess that I like this latter with a good many fewer reservations. In fact, I might as well admit that I have no reservations at all, and that "Blithe Spirit" is certainly not only one of the very happiest of its author's entertainments but as thoroughly delightful a bit of nonsense as one is likely to see. In the past I have not always been as enthusiastic about Mr. Coward's pieces as it was fashionable to be, because I often found that the fun had a way either of petering out or of giving way to a sentimentality which it would be a gross injustice to call beery but which did suggest one of the advanced stages of cocktail jag. Mr. Coward, however, seems to get better and better—much surer in taste as distinguished from chic and much surer also in the art of sustaining an idea or a mood through the three acts necessary to round out an evening. It would be difficult as well as unfair to try to say what "Blithe Spirit" is about, and I will reveal no more than that it concerns itself with a moderately gay young man who inadvertently gets the spirit of his first wife materialized in the home of his second, with resulting complications which are never expected, always funny, and consistently credible once the fundamental premises have been accepted. I have seldom seen a group of performers who seemed happier to be playing their parts than Peggy Wood, Clifton Webb, Mildred Natwick, and an English newcomer named Leonora Corbett seem here, and that helps a lot; but they would assuredly not have been so happy if Mr. Coward had not known exactly what he was doing and if he had not done it so perfectly. The dialogue is witty and the action funny; what counts even more is the fact that the right tone is struck at the rise of the curtain and during the whole time that it is up. Dr. Johnson once said that the personages in Shakespeare's romantic comedies acted exactly as such people would undoubtedly have acted if they had ever existed. Much the same might be said for Mr. Coward's ghostly spouse and her unwilling hosts.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

THE nostalgic reminiscences of an aging miner driven from his home by the encroaching slag heap which has destroyed the lovely Welsh valley of his childhood memories were recounted by Richard Llewellyn in his novel "How Green Was My Valley." A screen version of such a book is a bold project, but Darryl Zanuck as producer and John Ford as director have succeeded in capturing to a remarkable degree the atmosphere of the novel. The film has been produced with elaborate care: a Welsh mining village built in the Ventura hills has been made, by skilful use

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of the camera, to seem both authentic and beautiful; the actors almost succeed in lending an air of reality to the highly idealized characters of the story; and the screen play has been contrived with an economy of dialogue and a quiet humor which are unusual and commendable.

The faults of the picture originate in the novel. There the characters are seen through the eyes of a child—the good are perfect, the wicked are damned—but since it is a child who sketches this oversimplified picture, the reader may add a few daubs and smears of his own, and proceed undisturbed by the unnatural greenness of the valley and the supernatural wisdom and goodness of some of its inhabitants. But here in two dimensions are Dada and Mrs. Morgan, Bronwen and Angharad, without any of the humanizing faults which the reader, at his fancy, might endow them with—all too good to be true.

Then, too, in attempting to include too much, the film has emerged episodic and formless to an unnecessary degree, and many of the dramatic possibilities of the book have been thrown away. For instance, the development of the miners' union in the valley is traced with considerable detail in the book and provides some excellent dramatic material, but in the screen version the matter is hastily confided, with a few high-minded remarks from the preacher, Mr. Gruffyd, to the hands of God. Nevertheless, this is a serious film, beautifully photographed and brilliantly acted, particularly by Donald Crisp, Sara Allgood, and Roddy McDowall. There is some fine singing by a Welsh choir, and only in the very cinematic ending does the picture succumb to the conventional.

Why anyone should choose to live in such a dank deserted spot as that inhabited by the characters in "Ladies in Retirement," and, moreover, why anyone should go to the lengths of killing off a nice old lady in order to remain in the company of two rather messy lunatics, are questions that the dramatist has left unanswered. But for those who are not too concerned with probabilities and who enjoy their murders flavored with a dash of psychology, this version of last year's stage success should provide a pleasing chill. There is plenty of suspense, and there is an unpleasant and convincing portrait of a crazy woman by Elsa Lanchester; and while Ida Lupino has often been seen to better advantage, she does as nice a strangulation job as one could hope for. The picture is chiefly notable for its odd conception of the Essex marshes, where fog resembling boles of cotton hangs perpetually in the air, and the general impression is of an antediluvian swamp.

The American public will probably require more than a film like "One Day in the Soviet Union," and the unctuous assurances of Quentin Reynolds, to convince them that, as Mr. Reynolds proclaims in his commentary, the Russians are "people like us." Poorly constructed and photographed, this picture is a bad blunder in propaganda. Tractors and factories and undergrounds have ceased to be wonders in this country, and the pride the picture takes in the cultural and scientific developments of Soviet Russia seems very naive when accompanied by an invitation to compare them with American achievements. Despite many statements to the contrary, most people are convinced that the Russians are human beings and would be more interested in an explanation of their way of life than in assurances that they are almost civilized. ANTHONY BOWER

RECORDS

AMONG Columbia's November releases is Bach's Partita No. 5 for clavier, one of the duller works, but an occasion for Gieseking's characteristic sinuous delicacy and continuity of phrasing (Set X-208, $2.50). And then Chabrier's engaging "España," in a brilliant performance by Beecham with the London Philharmonic that is excellently recorded (71250-D, $1), but with surfaces on my copy that did not give clean sound with steel needles until I had used a chromium needle to get rid of the abrasive debris. And some of the surfaces on other orchestral records had the same fault.

These other orchestral releases comprise Strauss's "Don Juan," with it fast passages rushed, its slow ones inflated and distorted by Reiner's performance with the Pittsburgh Symphony (Set X-190, $2.50); Schumann's Symphony No. 4, its slow movement dragged and sentimentalized, its other movements stiff and heavy in Stock's performance with the Chicago Symphony (Set 475, $3.50); Dvorak's Slavonic Dances Nos. 1 and 3—genial, relaxed music, but tautly unrelaxed as performed by Mitropoulos with the Minneapolis Symphony (11645-D, $1); Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf," with Basil Rathbone as the narrator, and Stokowski, conducting his Youth Orchestra, fussing with the tempos and sonorities of music that should be played very simply (Set 477, $3.50); Ravel's "La Valse," in a heavily graceless performance by Barbirolli with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (Set X-207, $2.50); the Persian Dance from Mussorgsky's "Khovantchina," acceptably played by Barlow with the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony (17286-D, $.75); the Ride of the Valkyries and the Prelude to Act 3 of "Lohengrin," made even less impressive than they are by Reiner's performances with the Pittsburgh Symphony (11644-D, $1). (The set of Rodzinski's performance of Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" with the Cleveland Orchestra has not yet arrived.)

If one does as Columbia's advertisements say one may do, and plays these recordings on a wide-range machine with treble-control turned up—merely to the point to which it is turned for the Beecham recording—the sound is either hollow and nasal or excruciatingly ear-piercing. If one takes them as recordings that represent Columbia's experiment of intensifying the treble so that enough will remain when people turn down the treble-control to eliminate scratch—if, that is, one plays them with the treble-control turned down below the position for the Beecham recording—the sound is more agreeable to the ear; but even then at its best—in the Prokofiev, Dvorak, and Schumann recordings—it is not deep and round and warm in the way the sound of the Beecham recording is; and the sound of the "Don Juan" and "Lohengrin" is especially thin and flat, that of the Ride of the Valkyries is muffled, and that of the "Khovantchina" remains hollow and nasal. After the fine recording of Mahler's First Symphony these are a great disappointment, indicating that Columbia has not yet worked out a combination of equipment and technique that will consistently give good results. The results of its attempts at innovation during the past year lead me to the belief that the public would be better off if Columbia were content to do whatever English Columbia does to produce recordings as fine as those of Beecham's performance, and then to let the record-buyer decide whether to get the full benefit of the recording by playing it on a wide-range machine with treble control up, or to sacrifice some of the richness by turning the treble-control down to eliminate scratch, or to lose it by playing the recording on a machine small or large, of limited range.

But recent experiences with the recordings that have been coming my way have raised in my mind the question

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whether one is not better off with a machine of limited range. Thus, a few weeks ago I had an opportunity to hear Victor's September Johann Strauss set (805, $4) on a Magnavox 55-D ($375 without FM). The works—the Overtures to "Die Fledermaus" and "Der Zigeunerbaron," the "Emperor" and "Blue Danube" waltzes—are among the best of Strauss, and are excellently performed—the first three by Bruno Walter with the Paris Conservatory, London Symphony and Vienna Philharmonic Orchestras, the fourth by Szell with the Vienna Philharmonic. And on this large machine of limited range (limited by the crystal pickup-head on the Garrard record-changer) their recorded sound was highly agreeable. But last week I received the set from Victor and played it on my wide-range Scott with Audax Pro-2 pickup, on which some of the performances sounded a little strident and others pinched and nasal. It appears that a person who pays a high price for a first-rate high-fidelity machine with a sensitive Audax or Brush pickup that will bring out impressively the excellence of the best European and domestic recordings—the Beechams, Weingartners, Furtwänglers, the Victor Stokowskis—is paying that price for a machine that will bring out just as impressively the stridency and other defects of the poorer recordings. And perhaps he would do better to get himself a compromise machine like the Magnavox, which will produce less impressive results with the Beechams, Furtwänglers, and Victor Stokowskis but more agreeable results with the poorer recordings.

Acting on this idea I heard the 9-tube Magnavox ($237.50 in the Contemporary cabinet, $247.50 in the Regency Commode, both with Seeburg record-changer), with pleasant sound of moderate power; the 11-tube Regency Console ($290 with Seeburg changer, $315 with Webster changer), with sound that is full and more spacious; and the 12-tube, 2-speaker Belvedere ($350 with Webster changer), with sound that has much greater power, body, and depth. (The model 55 I mentioned before is the 12-tube chassis in the Regency Symphony cabinet with Garrard changer.) These come only with the changers; and the Seeburg and Webster are equipped with crystal pickup-heads that can be played with either a special removable jewel point or with a metal needle. I recommend using the metal needle—the Victor chromium. An FM tuner can be added for $50 more.

B. H. HAGGIN

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

Charles de Gaulle. By Philippe Barrès. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

The Opera: A History of Its Creation and Performance: 1600-1941. By Wallace Brockway and Herbert Weinstock. Simon and Schuster. $3.75.

A Creed for Free Men: A Study of Loyalties. By William Adams Brown. Scribner's. $2.50.

The World's Iron Age. By William Henry Chamberlin. Macmillan. $3.

The Atlantic System: The Story of Anglo-American Control of the Seas. By Forrest Davis. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

Thackeray: A Critical Portrait. By John Dodds. Oxford. $3.

Greatness in Music. By Alfred Einstein. Oxford. $3.

The Advancing Front of Medicine. By George W. Gray. Whittlesey House. $3.

The Animals Are in Cages. Written and Drawn by Hoffmeister. Greenberg. $2.50.

Dakar: Outpost of Two Hemispheres. By Emil Lengyel. Random House. $2.

Our Singing Country. A Second Volume of American Ballads and Folk Songs. Collected and Compiled by John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax. Macmillan. $5.

The Novel and Society: A Critical Study of the Modern Novel. By N. Elizabeth Monroe. North Carolina. $3.

War and the German Mind. By William K. Pfeiler. Columbia. $3.25

Edgar Allan Poe. By Arthur Hobson Quinn. Appleton-Century. $5.

Atrocity Propaganda, 1914-1919. By James Morgan Read. Yale. $3.50.

Grand Strategy. By H. A. Sargeaunt and Geoffrey West. Crowell. $2.

Doctor Wood: Modern Wizard of the Laboratory. By William Seabrook. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

The Charles. By Arthur Bernon Tourtellot. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Journey for Margaret. By W. L. White. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

Clara Barton. By Blanche Colton Williams. Lippincott. $3.50.

12 Million Black Voices: A Folk History of the Negro in the United States. By Richard Wright. Photo-Direction by Edwin Rosskam. Viking. $3.

The Undiscoverables

[*Continued from page* 481]

patrol sank out of sight into the deep hollow by the cliff corridors, the boys saw their father streak over the skyline, dark against the golden and pomegranate-hued feathers of cloud. The patrol did not come to the bushes.

Nevertheless, the night did not end well. About midnight they were awakened by the dogs. Behind the ridge at the top of the pasture they heard rifle shots. Carmelo clapped a hand over Brasi's mouth and told him to lie still. He himself rose and whistled a command to the dogs. The old bitch fell in behind him as he mounted to the skyline. Boy and dog lay still, the knobby-headed scabiosa and the stiff thyme plants whipping in their faces. They waited there a long time.

As the new moon sank in a yellow haze, the bitch began to growl contentedly. "She smells father," Carmelo whispered. Presently the dog growled in alarm. Under his arm the bitch's spine quivered and he held her to earth. She growled and whimpered, sniffing the while. Her whole body quivered as if she were a sack of live mice. The valley below was black, though the water pond called the Eye gleamed dimly. Nothing else was visible. The barren carob trees that gave the unlucky herdsmen no more St. John's bread were not to be seen. The dog began to cower in terror, thrusting her nose into the grass. A minute later Carmelo heard his father swearing.

"He's drunk," he thought. A few yards to the left of him Cesare blundered over the crest. Cesare took no notice of his soft cry. Instantly fear gripped Carmelo's heart. He had not forgotten the rifle shots but had believed without question that his father, on his own hills and at night, could not come into danger. The Fascisti, if they were silly enough to pull trigger at night, would probably shoot one another. But now, perceiving his father's staggering gait, Carmelo bounded after him in terror, without listening to the direction of the steps. The bitch swerved away from him as he ran.

Cesare had not gone to the hut. Carmelo heard the terrified bleating of the goats, the barking of the dogs. They were barking at father! Holy Virgin, what was happening? Laying his hand upon his knife, Carmelo ran through the bushes without dodging or ducking. The goats were dashing themselves against the hurdles in terror while the dogs raced round outside. As he laid hands upon the hurdle top, a goat leaped over and struck him on the chest. He tried to seize it, but the terrified animal actually snapped at him and he let it bound away. The uproar of bleating goats and barking dogs and his father's wild yelling would surely attract Chiesa. Suddenly Carmelo smelt blood, goat's blood. And in that instant he heard the blow of a knife. Shrieking, he vaulted the hurdle and pitched headlong among the frantically milling goats. Their sharp small feet pounded over his back as he lay. The animals were too scared to leap over him.

"God's body, God's blood," Cesare was yelling. He was killing the goats.

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Carmelo scrambled to his feet, slipped, and was down again. The animals scattered around him and he saw his father's black, lurching form.

"Father," he shrieked and leaped up, afraid that Cesare would dive at him with the knife. He threw himself upon his father, entreating him to come to his senses, adjuring him by the womb of his dead wife, imploring him by the Virgin and by all the foul obscenities of hell. Cesare beat off his son with the blood-wet hand that gripped the knife. The other arm hung limp. Again the father sprang at the revolving animals, hacking at them with the knife. He fell upon his knees and hobbled forward, hoarsely commanding the goats to be still. One of them collided with him and he caught it, pushed it to the ground and stabbed it again and again. He did not deftly slit its throat as a practiced herdsman should. Carmelo dragged at his shoulders, provoking a stream of frightful blasphemies. The left arm did not move, and feeling himself the stab of pain the bullet must have caused, he released his father, who again scrambled toward the goats. Carmelo charged at the hurdle fence and, stopping, gripped a stake. There was a remedy for this madness. In the goatherd's lore such things occasionally happened. The sun, or loneliness that during forty years might have been endured, even preferred, would at last mount up in a goatherd's brain. Or he would be enraged by futile jealousy at a rich man's playing with his wife. Too much wine poured into the blood sometimes broke down the everlasting patience. Or an inexplicable fury of killing had been known to seize a gentle herdsman.

Carmelo broke out the circle of hurdles so that the milling animals escaped into the night. Almost at once, recognizing that his son had applied the remedy prescribed in the herdsman's lore, Cesare desisted. He sat among the slain goats, upon the earth wet with blood, muttering oaths. Carmelo strode up to him.

"Thou fool. Bad goatherd, thou!"

"It comes upon a man," Cesare said in a faint voice.

"It comes upon a man to destroy himself and his sons, also?"

"Eh, the dear Christ! My sons . . ."

"What now will they say when I deny you have been here! What is to become of you, and of us, of Brasi? Thou fool, thou fool." Carmelo threw himself upon his knees before his father and embraced him, weeping with rage and pity. The rage was against the town, the law of towns and the great men of the towns who governed the people of the hills and the bread-bearing land. His rage was also against his father, who had taken revenge upon the townspeople's goats. The pity was wholly for his father. He had bewailed the fate he knew would befall him and his brother, but that was merely an argument.

"Eh, dear Christ and his mother," Cesare muttered, appalled.

"What shall we do?" Carmelo shook his father, who collapsed and rolled over upon the befouled earth. In a few moments Cesare got to his feet and held himself stiffly.

"They shot me in the arm, son."

Carmelo swore to nourish his revenge through the years. He took out his knife and his father's knife and crossed them and shook the cross toward the ground, his body quivering with the vast, curdled rancor of the abased and propertyless herdsman who lives upon bread, onions, and a handful of maggots and cheese. He trembled with hatred for the treacherous and political city. The father tried to stay the oath Carmelo was taking. The son persisted.

"That's a lot of oath for one little bullet in the arm." Carmelo's body stiffened beneath the weight of the man he was supporting. In his father's voice there was sadness and a great irony, yet there was no chiding, no resentment. The oath Carmelo had taken could only mean that the son now knew that his father's death could not long be avoided. Cesare knew that was so.

"Mori's son is hunting me. They have half a hundred men out on the hills. Rossi shot me as I was climbing a wall after onions. I wanted an onion; a man can't live on bread and cheese alone. You put too little salt in that cheese, my son."

"Father," Carmelo wept. The meaning of his own oath of revenge had broken upon him. The man at his side, his father, the smell of whose stale sweat in the night had been assurance of protection, was soon to be dead.

"Eh, son," Cesare chided. "Don't bawl so. Get me some salt. I could eat salt by the bushel and drink milk by the dozen liters." Brasi was standing between the hut and the corral, and they almost collided with him. The father whipped his arm from Carmelo's shoulder and spoke sharply.

"Have done. You must drive the herd to the pastures at the head of the valley near Four Carob Farm. A man can move there. There are many wells of water there. There's no room here by the sea."

"You must go to the continent. The fishermen in the strait will take you across. There's sure to be someone." Carmelo pleaded, but Cesare repeated his order. The younger boy drew himself up squarely, in front of his father.

"Thou art my father," he addressed his father proudly. "And I thy son." His voice trembled as he spoke the word *"figghiu,"* son.

"Eh, good son that thou art, Brasi of my heart. But put thy knife away, good son." The boy obeyed and broke into tears and threw himself upon his father. Man and son kissed one another fervently. The dogs began to bark. Here and there in the darkness a goat bleated.

"Hark! I must be going," Cesare said. "Do as I told you and have cheese for me and goat's flesh and milk to drink at all times." That the Fascisti would allow him to remain with the herd Carmelo did not believe, nor that his father's plan was wise. The town would know, from the movement of the herd, that Cesare intended to keep in touch with his sons. But his father meant to fight. Therefore his sons would aid him. There was no complication in the son's thought. It had often happened that way. So many tales of *omertà* their father had told them, of offended goatherds and peasants who would not denounce an enemy before the law, which was the law of cities, of governors, of the idle princes, but who took their own revenge. There was Nicolo of Roccapalumba, who had become a bandit and died among screaming foes, a broken scythe blade in his bleeding hands. There was Calogero of Vizzini, whom men still respected; there was Bastiano of the Madonie hills; Gelo, Redhead, Broken Teeth, and Carmeno the Betrayed. Eh, by the sweet pitying Christ, Cesare the Blackbearded, called the Braggart, dear father of their blood, standing before them! Fear and love and pride quickened Carmelo's blood.

"We could steal Chiesa's carbine."

"I have my knife, my sling, and a pistol. Rossi's pistol. I dragged him over the wall with one hand. Eh, blazing hell, that I did!"

"They will be coming then; go quickly, Father."

"They will not be coming. They have Rossi to attend to. There were only three of them."

"Iddu è. It's him, Chiesa," Brasi exclaimed as they heard someone stumble against the fallen hurdles. As they ran a few paces toward the corral, Cesare sped away.

[*To be continued next week*]

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Letters to the Editors

Confiscation of War Profits

Dear Sirs: I was glad to read a word of good sense on the taxation of corporate profits from Keith Hutchison, who in your issue of October 18 advocated a 100 per cent tax on profits due specifically to the war, that is, on the increase of profits during the present period of war preparation over the average pre-war profits.

Such a proposition is far sounder than Secretary Morgenthau's suggestion of a 100 per cent tax on all profits over 6 per cent. Its adoption would really mean taking the profit out of war, and in this way it would increase the willingness of other groups to make the sacrifices which the war effort will undoubtedly require. A 100 per cent tax on war profits is workable and is already in effect in Britain, where it has been invaluable in strengthening morale.

Secretary Morgenthau's proposal will arouse tremendous opposition, whereas the reasonableness of preventing anyone from profiteering from the war effort will win strong support for the 100 per cent tax on strictly war profits. A confiscatory tax on war profits would reduce the opposition of the owners of industry to the increases of pay which are necessary to meet the increased cost of living. It would also reduce the bickering over prices between the government's purchasing agents and the different companies making armaments, since the government would get back all the increased profit through taxes anyhow, and it would thus tend to reduce the cost of war materials.

Finally, the 6 per cent rate of profit must be figured on a base of capital value. The difficulties, both legal and economic, in making a fair and just administrative determination of the value of the capital base are tremendous, and constitute a serious objection to Secretary Morgenthau's proposal.

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS

New York, November 5

Relief Bills and Settlement

Dear Sirs: It is true, as Carey McWilliams said in his article on Americans Without a Country in *The Nation* of November 1, that eligibility for assistance should be based on need, not residence. However, settlement laws are necessary to determine who is to pay the bill for this assistance. Were it not for the settlement laws, New York City's relief bill would be much larger than it is.

Uniform settlement laws would improve the situation, as McWilliams suggests. I feel that, in addition to this, when a person receives aid from a community where he does not have settlement, the bill should be forwarded to the locality where he has. In cases of a dispute between localities some federal agency should settle the dispute; this agency should also have the power to decide whether or not the relief applicant should be returned to the community where he has settlement.

Such an arrangement might alleviate the hardships of migrant workers.

JACOB SIEGFRIED

Brooklyn, N. Y., November 3

Governor Olson's Example

Dear Sirs: Governor Culbert L. Olson of California recently protested vehemently to federal authorities, a Congressional committee, and private defense companies about discrimination against Negroes in employment. To emphasize his own devotion to democracy and tolerance, Governor Olson then appointed a Negro to be judge of the Los Angeles Municipal Court, the first colored judge in California history.

EDNA MITCHELL

Sacramento, Cal., November 2

More in Sorrow

Dear Sirs: It has been brought to our attention that your In the Wind column a week or so ago referred in one item to the *Daily Worker*. Our paper was said to be offering itself to labor as a national publicity organ in matters of national defense. The wording of the item was supercilious, and evidently calculated to inspire sneers and laughs.

We think your publication of that sort of item a real disservice. It was not merely unfair to the *Daily Worker*—which has no such delusions of grandeur respecting its influence. It was, however well intentioned, a blow at national defense.

Our idea is to contribute in every possible way to an intensification of the defense effort. If material in your columns helps, we use it gladly and give credit where due. It seems to us that *The Nation* might well reciprocate. Needless to say, we expect no immediate conversion to socialism; but we do believe that you would do far better to assist our earnest if limited publicity—in the interest of the elimination of Hitlerism abroad and at home.

Let us hope that, in the spirit of Godkin and Villard, you will do so. We pledge our unremitting effort for anti-Hitler unity regardless of past differences or possible future changes.

S. ARCHER, Education Committee,
Upper Harlem Section of
the Communist Party

New York, November 3

[Comrade Archer is too modest in his expectations. After all, what is a gradual "conversion to socialism" compared to an overnight switch from wildcat strikes to all-out-for-national-defense, including—as our item reported—the substitution of complaints in the Communist press for direct strike action. Let us hope that, in the spirit of Marx and Engels, the *Daily Worker* will continue to publish letters from time to time about naughty capitalists. —EDITORS THE NATION.]

Speaking of Chairs

Dear Sirs: Under the title Where Do We Sit? I reported last week on new furniture at the Museum of Modern Art and mentioned, *passim,* the necessity of further testing. Unhappily this now calls for greater emphasis, since some of the chairs showed signs, toward the end of the exhibition, of being structurally not impeccable. Responsibility cannot be placed squarely on the original designers, since changes were made later by the manufacturers on account of priorities. But we do apparently need, on museum juries dealing with modern design, technical censors to check the more exuberant attempts at "miracles" of lightness or of some other attribute. The greater part of the furniture shown at the Museum of Modern Art would have passed the necessary tests very well.

In the interim it is still true that the best "modern" chairs now available seem to be important in idea if not in execution, as for example the ones at Artek-Pascoe in New York. With a

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slim pocket-book but a bold independent taste a young couple could find many very acceptable pieces, "modern" in all but label, at the larger sporting-goods stores. For example, the shipshape lines, the athletic economy, the excellent and agreeable materials in such a product as a "snowshoe" chair put it right up in front among the lighter "modern" pieces; moreover, such goods have been thoroughly tested under rigorous conditions, and they sell in the neighborhood of $10 instead of anywhere from $35 to $100 for comparable pieces in the canonical "modern" style.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

New York, November 7

Farm Prices

Dear Sirs: On October 4 in his discussion of inflation Keith Hutchison spoke of keeping farm prices at their present level by releasing surplus products now held by the government. Before one advocates the use of the surplus farm products to keep agricultural prices from going up or actually for reducing them below present levels, one should consider our future need for agricultural products and that farm prices have been ridiculously low in comparison with other prices. Farm prices are still too low, and we must expect them to go up considerably unless we are prepared to cope with the problem of a greatly reduced output of agricultural products. Even parity farm prices leave the farmer at a disadvantage because the mechanization of industry has been at a much more rapid rate than the mechanization of agriculture since the years upon which the figures for parity are based.

To operate a modern mechanized farm the farmer and the farm worker must have a degree of ability and skill comparable to that of the factory worker and the city business man. Yet the farmer and the farm worker have been forced to accept half, a quarter, or even a tenth of what is received by business and industry. For example, those who know say that it takes an hour's time to produce a pound of cotton. With cotton selling at nine cents a pound one can see at what an economic level those producing cotton have had to live, and should be able to see what cotton must sell for if those who produce it are to get even thirty or forty cents an hour for their work. From my own experience I have learned that it takes at least an hour's time to produce a pound of butter on the average dairy farm. With the farmer getting at least four cents below the New York wholesale market price, one can see what he is paid for his labor.

A good example of the problems the farmer faces is given in the same issue of *The Nation* by E. M. Hawes of Marietta, Ohio, who writes in the correspondence column. He indicates that his and other farmers' hired hands are now working at defense construction as carpenters, showing that the farm workers do possess skills comparable to those of industry. Mr. Hawes doesn't say how much these men were getting before they left the farms, but he gives some indication of it by saying that the farmers are unable to replace them because they cannot compete with the WPA and NYA. The only immediate solution of the problem is higher prices for agricultural products, though this is not the whole solution.

CLARENCE ARMSTRONG

Baltimore, Md., October 16

Faith Returns

Dear Sirs: Always that part of popular periodicals under some such heading as "Letters to the Editors" is a pretty infallible index of the mental keenness of our rank-and-file citizens and of their awareness, or lack of such, of the significance of outstanding events at home and abroad.

For many years I have been a reader of many periodicals, a favorite among which has been *The Nation,* and for many years I have been disheartened by the vapid stuff found in said department, and by the equal vapidity of editors giving space to such, and especially to unmerited bouquets for themselves. A people not capable of a high degree of mental acumen is a people not capable of taking adequate care of themselves and their inherited advantages.

Every insertion in Letters to the Editors in your October 18 issue is a very high measure of compliment to the people and nation, whose general and permanent welfare I am so intensely interested in and anxious to see promoted. In fact, that entire edition of *The Nation* is a marked improvement on many earlier ones. Therefore, at seventy-five, I am measurably heartened by a returning faith in my loved country's capability to be a sane, perceptive, and united people, fully competent to protect and defend their inheritance against any attacks from within or without.

JOHN S. GOGIN

Walhalla, N. D., November 6

Soviet Anniversary

Dear Sirs: Your readers may care to see this telegram, which was sent by request to the Tass Agency in New York for the November celebration of the Soviet anniversary.

The Soviet peoples are making history in these tragic and terrible hours. I regret that as an elderly writer I have nothing to send but words of hope. But our great democracy will send more. Our people are slow to move but they are sure. They will send ships and materials, and in the end if need be they will send trained men. Hitlerism is the wickedest force which has ever appeared in the world; the more dangerous because it possesses all the tools of modern science. It must not and shall not be permitted to prevail. With its defeat the pathway to a free, enlightened, and cooperative world will lie open to all peoples of the earth.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Pasadena, Cal., November 3

CONTRIBUTORS

PAUL WOHL, former director of the International Chamber of Commerce in Paris, is the author of several books and numerous reports on transportation and international affairs. He has made a particular study of Russia and the Middle East.

RALPH BATES is the author of "The Fields of Paradise" and other books.

LIAN SHAIRO is a newspaperwoman living in Massachusetts.

MARIANNE MOORE is the author of several volumes of distinguished poetry. She was for some years acting editor of the *Dial.*

EDWIN BORCHARD is professor of law at Yale University.

GEORGE JOEL is an editor of the Dial Press.

VIRGINIA MISHNUN was formerly dance critic of the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

DONALD A. ROBERTS is assistant professor of English at the College of the City of New York.

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